The SPHERE

Vol. CXXX. No. 1694 JULY 9, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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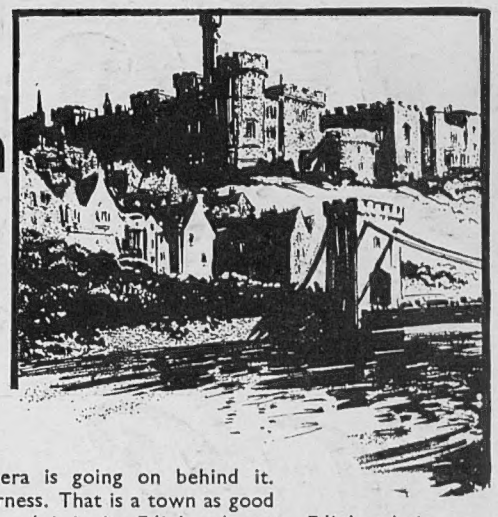
A Mountain Capital



After spending days, or, if you are fortunate, weeks in the magic atmosphere of the Highlands the idea of visiting an ordinary town is chilling. It is bringing down the curtain while the opera is going on behind it. Do not fear that about Inverness. That is a town as good in its Inverness way as Edinburgh is in its Edinburgh way. Edinburgh is startling—thrilling—incredible. Inverness sits demurely pretty by the side of her river, sure of her own beauty, conscious of the grandeur of the approach from Perth that is her carriage drive, sure of the beauty of the Moray Firth, her ornamental water, and sure of the majesty of the mountains that stand like sentinels about her gates. Inverness is the capital of the Highlands and through her streets the life of that wonderful region ebbs and flows. They are streets worthy of their function and the mien of the city is the mien of a capital.

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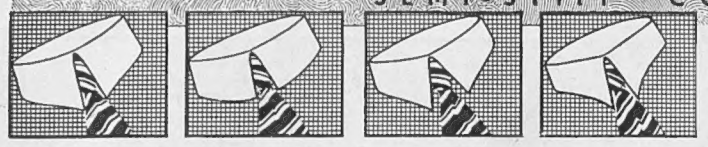

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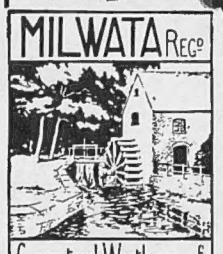

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E.W.G.

THE SPHERE

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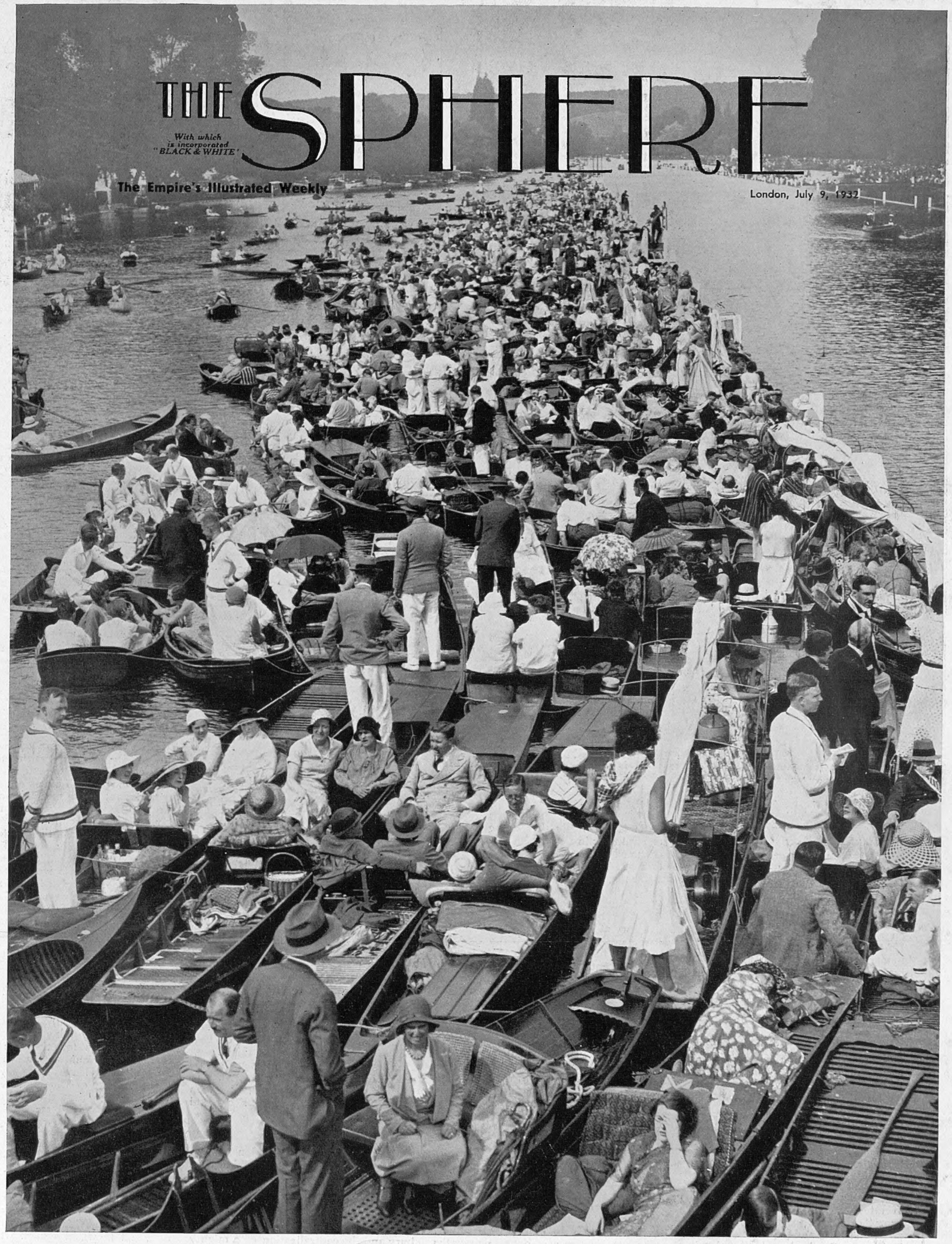
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, July 9, 1932



THE RE-AWAKENED POPULARITY of the RIVER

A Crowded Henley Augurs Well for the Recrudescence of the Appeal of the Silver Stream

Ever since the War, until last Summer, the lure of the river seemed to diminish year by year; but the nadir has been reached and the tide has turned. Henley this year recaptured much of the glory of the pre-War days — punts galore, white flannels, summer frocks of all shades of the rainbow were to be seen in crowded and kaleidoscopic array. The great Edwardian summer treat — "a day on the river" — may well become (with Victorian furniture) the acme of neo-Georgian *chic*

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

THE MINISTER FOR AIR TRAVELS BY AIR: Lord Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air, his flying kit adjusted under the watchful eyes of his daughters, Lady Helen and Lady Margaret Stewart, prepares to leave Northolt Aerodrome for Geneva

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 6, 1932.

CONVERTED TO OPTIMISM.

—Mr. Chamberlain has proved himself the man and the hour has struck. The long anticipated announcement of conversion of the 5 per cent. War Loan followed immediately on the reduction of the Bank rate on June 30 to 2 per cent., a low record last touched thirty-five years ago. If the huge operation succeed—and the unanimous approval given to the scheme seems to assure success—there will be a net saving to the Exchequer of £23,000,000 a year, and that is a major economy cut, always provided that Ministers do not then sink back to repose and let the economy axe fall from their hands. The days when trust funds were hard put to it to earn 3½ per cent. on invested money are a very faint memory with our fathers. Those were the days when 2½ per cent. Consols stood respectably near par and, left undisturbed by dear old family lawyers, depressed the capital value of trust funds to half their original value at the dawn of the new century. We are getting back to those distant times again. If all goes well, the capital value of such "safe" trustee securities as Corporation Stocks and (e.g.) Great Western Debenture Stock should all maintain a part of their spectacular rises. We shall be glad to be assured of a reasonably safe 4 per cent. for our money, and, *a fortiori*, we shall none of us scorn the certain enjoyment for twenty years of the world's premier security paying more than 3½ per cent. Let us hope that Mr. Chamberlain's courage will inspire his colleagues to similar courage in Civil Service economies. Strange as it still seems to them, the country really is unanimously with them in such courageous and grand scale and necessary operations. No votes are at stake.

. . . .

It is not likely that the great and general rises in investment stocks which occurred at the week-end will be maintained. These rises ranged from 3 to 10 points, and some of the biggest rises occurred in stocks once regarded as "practically gilt-edged," but now relegated by bad trade conditions to the category of speculative. For example, it was not merely because the Government has been so long forced to borrow at 5 per cent., when its credit was high and money plentiful, that such counters as Great Western Railway 5 per cent. Preference had fallen to a price yielding nearly 10 per cent. The railways of the world are in the doldrums, and better trade and trade alone (and in some cases a return to normal exchange conditions) can keep their senior stocks up to a more dignified level. Prices of such securities will fall again, and in any case the rises are paper transactions only. It is not much easier to-day than it was yesterday to "get out."

A PYRRHIC VICTORY.

—Montrose last week wrote dreadful warnings on the walls of Dundee. The Government Press recorded a "Government win" in a discreet inch of space and passed on to more genial topics. The last election was but a few months ago, when the National Liberal secured a majority of 12,000 over the Socialists. And now, in a three-cornered contest not clearly unfavourable to either protagonist, that National majority is reduced by 11,000 votes to a bare majority. The Socialists have gained 2,000 votes, the National candidate has lost 10,000. The Government is losing 1,000 votes a month at Montrose—if figures mean anything. And at least the figures mean this: that now, as ever, conceit, apathy, and undiscipline characterize the so-called "organizations" of the older moderate parties, while will and disciplined organization bring back to power time and again the Socialists whose ideals are fine but whose inexperience and lack of moderation make havoc of this country's finances, credit, trade, and institutions in the present critical state of the world. Not all our skill in unravelling these tangles can avail against "National" apathy.

WHAT THE FIGURES TELL.

—Statistic time is round once more and the searchlight is directed again on the Londoner and his family life. The figures do not perhaps present so picturesque, so introspective, so intimate a view of Cockney family life as Sir William Beveridge could now (if he would) reveal. But figures have a scientific value; they can deceive, but they cannot actually lie. The Londoner is leaving Central London more and more quickly. The last rats are leaving the City. They migrate to Dagenham for choice, or Downham in Lewisham. One-fifth of the population of England and Wales is found in Greater London, which houses 8,000,000 souls and then 200,000 more. Your Londoner has a smaller family than his elder brothers who married just after the War. He has exactly 3½ children, while his elder brother, more robustly hopeful, had 3¾ children. In twenty years the "big family" (8 or more) has gone out of fashion to the tune of 50 per cent. Actually one-half of London's "families" are on the "three-person or less" scale. But there is a credit side to the balance sheet. In ten years 20,000 overcrowded families have found reasonable elbow room and decency of living conditions; and London's superfluous women have slightly decreased in proportion.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

—The model of the proposed new buildings for London University on the Bloomsbury site has reawakened interest in a subject which is very dear to London. If to the inexpert eye the model appears to represent a grand Cenotaph, it does not fail to please; and the expert eye of Faith can visualize future arrangements for lighting and ventilation. No one can question that at long last these fine buildings, and all the light and hope they will bring, will take away the "bury" and revive the "Bloom" in Bloomsbury. A short century ago Oxford and Cambridge were still the only Universities in all England, and it was a daring poet, Thomas Campbell, who in 1825 mooted the idea of a University for London in the columns of the *Times*. King William IV gave London University its charter ninety-six years ago, and those years have been a tale of progress towards the light in the face of great obstacles, which does credit to London. The University of London has spread itself over the vast area of Greater London like thistle seed blown by the wind. It crops up everywhere in waste spaces; it flourishes in shacks and lean-to sheds, between Hackney and Beckenham, Richmond and Mile End.

. . . .

The task before London now—which all London must applaud as bare justice long overdue — is to concentrate, in a building worthy of the noblest cause and of the greatest city in civilization, all these casual outcrops and chance sowings. The beautification of Bloomsbury and the centralization of a mighty University will not be achieved without money. But London is rich and knows how to answer an appeal, when made, to her generosity, and already the Rockefeller Foundation and such City Companies as the Goldsmiths have given practical proof of the importance of the scheme. Under the Bloomsbury roof will ultimately be concentrated the administrative offices, the famous library, the Institute of Historical Research, the Courtauld Institute of Art, the School of Oriental Studies, of Slavonic Studies, the Day Training College, Birkbeck College, the O.T.C., the Students' Union. Upon my word my mouth waters for the fruition of the scheme which is to restore the bloom to Bloomsbury and give to the British Museum a dignified and very vital neighbourhood.

WHAT IS CULTURE?

—In an interesting and adroit letter to *The Times* last week, Mr. Charles B. Cochran made it as clear as day how invidious, how impossible, it must always be to limit the Sunday performance of stage plays to such as were adjudged "cultural or educational" by some chosen individual (like the Lord Chamberlain) or a committee. To me the chief interest in his letter lay in the discovery that what (for the purposes of his argument) Mr. Cochran cited as an instance of an admittedly "cultural" production seemed to me a highly contentious counter for an argument. The *Miracle* or *Cavalcade* might divide the critics into two fairly equal camps. But *Helen*, I should have thought, would receive a vast majority verdict of "light and non-cultural." Offenbach no doubt is a classic composer but surely of essentially light opera. And the mere association of the name of Homer with the show called *Helen* (or for that matter the co-operation of a passive Homer with an active Herbert A.P.) is not sufficient to lift the performance from the "non-cultural" to the "cultural" plane. For two decades some of the classic masters of English literature have had their creations severely dealt with by, for example, half educated American film producers, and the results achieved have seldom enhanced the reputation for culture of the cinema or the film producer, and could very seldom have gained the approval of the dead authors, thus travestied and exploited.

. . . .

In a word, the great name of a dead author in no way can influence the verdict on the taste and merits of a posthumous rehash of his creations. In that respect his name cuts no ice with any section of the public. And again Mr. Cochran confidently describes Reinhardt as "one of the greatest figures of modern dramatic art." But surely this label also is highly contentious. Unless my ears deceive me, there is an ever-increasing body of opinion in this country which regards Reinhardt now as a dangerous menace to dramatic art, as a showman who is playing old Harry with dramatic art, enticing the eye with a feast of colour which is indeed a Barmecide's feast for the mind. About the *Miracle* production, opinion is surely sharply divided, and many a passionate upholder of our national drama deplores, resents, and dreads the present (alleged) insistence on the part of the play-going public for show and spectacles for the eye of ever increasing richness and splendour. And all this leaves in abeyance the great question of whether the majority voice of representative British actors really desire official recognition for the Sunday performance of stage plays.

KING MANOEL.

—Among the score of exiled sovereigns who have made England their haven, few were better known to the general public than King Manoel. He was a constant spectator in the Centre Court at Wimbledon, and he was a regular attendant at Covent Garden. As a boy of eighteen he saw his father and brother murdered, and two years later, still a boy, he was hurried away with his mother from Portugal in a manner which I recollect seemed at the time to be undignified and perhaps over hasty, almost before the newly-proclaimed Republic was *fait accompli*. History has endorsed the evasion as inevitable. Thereafter for over twenty years, the ex-King made his home in outer London. A King without-a-throne is an accepted type of a discontented man. Yet what greater

sletter

impertinence than to declare that any man is happy or unhappy, however apparent from his circumstances. If Manoel had his tragic memories, he had as well his books and his music, his home life and his friends. And perhaps, too, his dreams. Men can live happily on dreams, howsoever unsubstantial, and there are better things to dream about than of crowns regained.

NOT OUR GAME. — We are not noticeably nearer winning the World Lawn-Tennis Championships than we were when first the great American-French combines began to monopolize Wimbledon. Our women faded out; our men's singles finalist never looked like making a match against Vines. And for once in a way no consolation prizes came our way. No matter. Lawn-tennis is perhaps not our game. We hold our own at cricket and rowing and are doughty opponents at golf. And in the game of world finance we have patented a service of national loans which can truly be described as "cannon-ball."

THE BALLIOL PLAYERS.—Good luck to the Balliol Players who have started on their annual tour. These undergraduate players perform the great Greek comedies of Aristophanes and other masters under the sky in gardens and among the ruins of old England and, as such, they carry the torch of the medieval itinerant players. Given fine weather, their performances are pure poetry and a joy to eye and ear. You can imagine them amid the old walls of Sherborne or in the moated gardens of Wells. I met them last year at Corfe Castle on the highest peak of the ruins. The rain lashed down, the icy sea wind whistled. Grease paints streamed down the naked bodies of slave and master, and the frogs croaked bravely and dismally. Mr. Henry Ainley, wrestling with his umbrella, sat on a rickety chair and nobly encouraged them with his presence to the end. They deserve such encouragement. The weather has again broken just as their tour starts.

PERFORMING ANIMALS.—The annual general meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held at the Central Hall, Westminster, last week. The performance was on the now customary lines. It is like employing a steam hammer to crush a butterfly to criticize severely a performance so ill-rehearsed, so essentially amateur. Several female parts were vigorously played, and clown and knockabout went to work with a will. It need not be added that no professional performing animals took part. It was just jolly amateur theatricals, more amusing for the performers than the audience. A cynic might have commented that such a performance is a case for the attention of the R.S.P.C.A.

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Praise Heaven! We are spared another raree show. The Napier will case is settled. A mass of private dirty linen will be washed, ironed, and folded away behind drawn blinds. A settlement, wise and satisfactory to all parties (including judge, counsel, and the sober public), has been come to. We need not now make a Roman holiday of that private domestic tragedy. We have an already well-advertised melodrama drawing crowded houses and sure of a long run; and, when required, another which has proved extremely popular will be aptly revived.

GRAVE RIOTS AT ETON.—Remorse will not be written on the faces of the Eton boys who circulate the stuffy and congested corridors of Lord's. They will not reveal how bitterly ashamed they feel at having given such pain to kindly Dr. Alington, and such an affront to Winchester and to the railway authorities. Their tongues, when they are not busy with strawberry messes, ices, and conversation, will be in their cheeks. They will smile when they read that theirs was an anti-economy riot, that it was a carefully planned protest against the abolition of fancy waistcoats and so forth. Train rags are not uncommon where two or three dozen schoolboys are gathered together in adjacent railway carriages. No year passes but there are schoolboy train rags. And the punishment meted out fits the crime—a paper transaction of which the papers made the most.

THE OLD STAGER.

GENEVA BOUND: Mr. Neville Chamberlain, his left foot still in a slipper owing to the severe attack of gout that has handicapped him during recent weeks, goes to the "Home of Lost — Conferences" after arranging for the great Conversion Loan

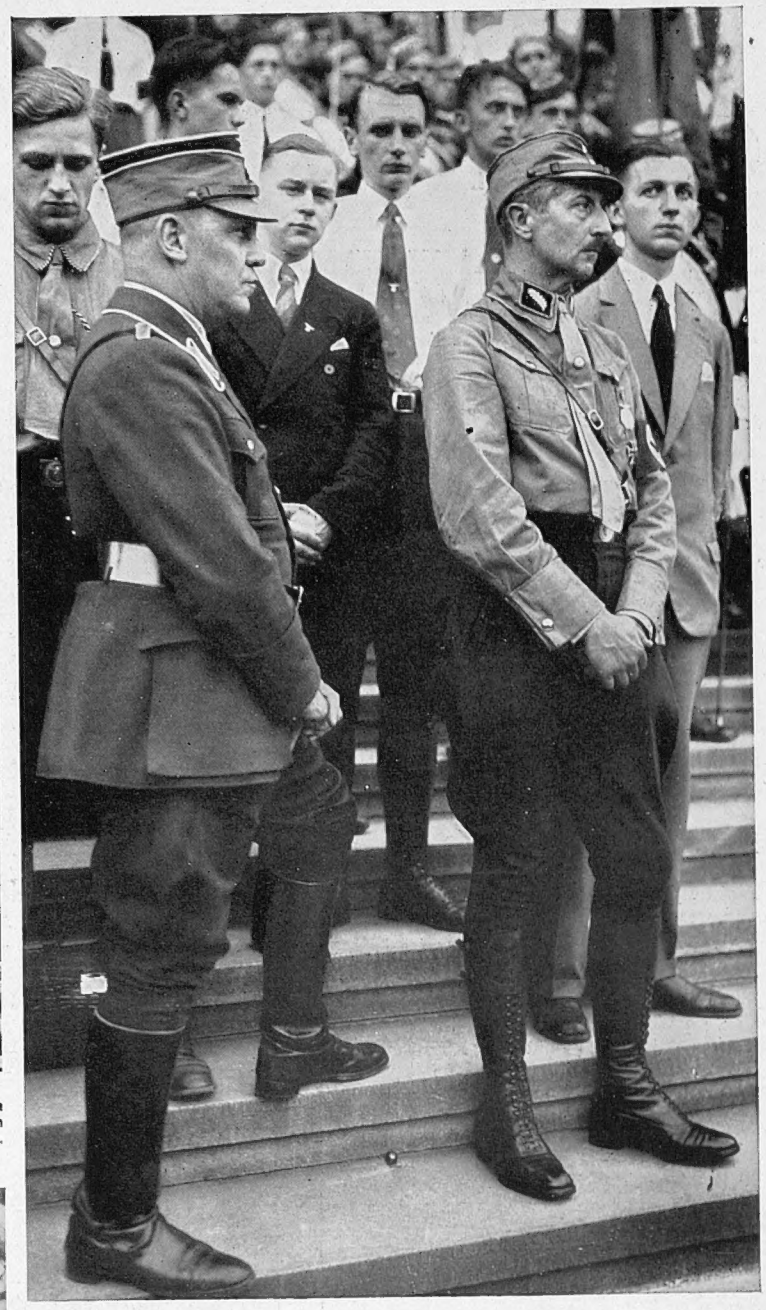
A WELCOME ROYAL VISITOR: Princess Ingrid of Sweden, granddaughter to the Duke of Connaught is one of Europe's most attractive Royalties

CONVERSION: The remarkable scene at the Bank of England Printing Works, showing employees dispatching some of the 3,000,000 forms for the Conversion Loan, which is destined to save the country £23,000,000 sterling per annum by reducing the rate of interest on £2,000,000,000 5 per cent. to 3½

GALA DAY AT BROOKLANDS: Guy's Hospital held a notable *tamasha* at the great automobile race track last week. *On left*, Mr. Charles Robins, London's oldest taxi-driver (he is eighty-two), is seen receiving congratulations from Sir Henry Birkin on his victory in the taxi-cab race. *On right* are Mrs. Peter Gold and Mrs. Sheila Tolhurst

PICTURED NEWS from AFAR

WILL AMERICA GO WET? A general view of the Democratic National Convention which opened in the Chicago Stadium and staggered the world (*a*) by electing Franklyn Roosevelt as presidential candidate and (*b*) by suggesting a modification of the Dry Laws. It may yet happen that the great cause of lawlessness will be removed from the U.S.A



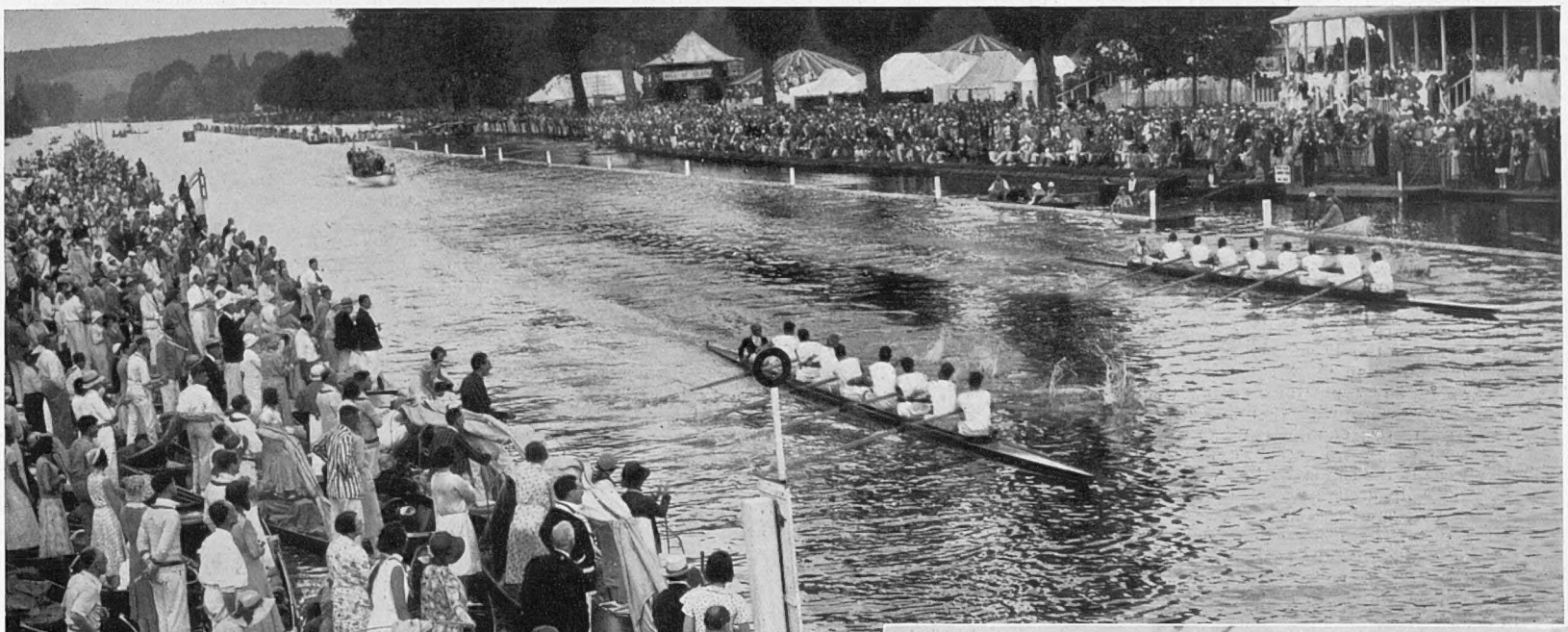
THE RECRUDESCENCE OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS: Prince August Wilhelm with Major Schmidt participating in the giant demonstration of Nazis and Students' Corps organized in Berlin to protest against the continued enforcement of the Versailles Treaty

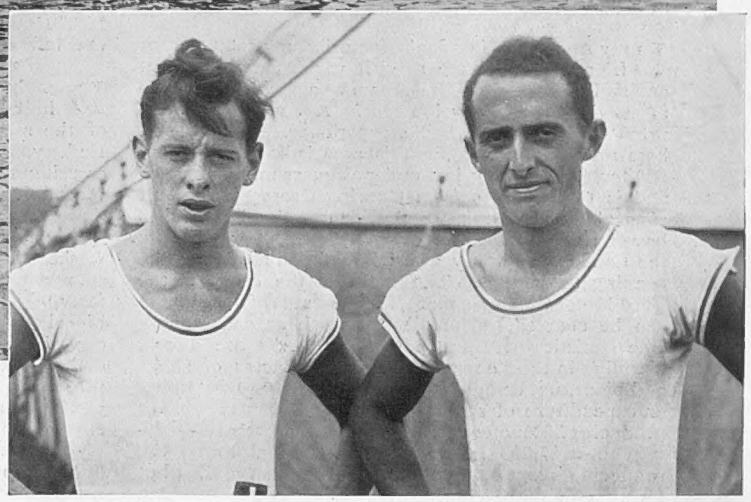
THE PEACEMAKER AT PEACE: The body of the great French silver tongue, M. Aristide Briand, which since his death last March has lain in a vault in the cemetery of Passy, was laid to rest in his "home town," Cocherel. M. P. O. Briand is seen talking to the Mayor at the funeral

THE FUNERARY DISCOURS: M. Herriot (in surprisingly un-Socialist attire) speaks at the funeral of M. Briand. He maintained that the deceased statesman had not received full justice for the attitude of confidence which had characterized him throughout the War. He had succeeded in outlawing war

TWO NOTABLE HAPPENINGS

THE MONSTER AT REST: *Graf Zeppelin* flew over to Britain from Friedrichshafen last Saturday (creating something of a stir in the tea-tents at Wimbledon en route) and, after landing at Hanworth Air Park, where some passengers disembarked, made a cruise over the island with a party of twenty-four aboard. Boy Scouts assisted in the mooring which was accomplished with great precision. The ship was nosed down by her own control fins, until near the surface of the ground. The propellers were vigorously reversed and the way of the ship ceased. Three windows under the bow were opened and three multiple-ended ropes were thrown out. These were caught by the waiting scouts. Others seized long bars on each side of the control gondola and the ship was at rest, head to wind





THE FINAL OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP: Leander (now destined for the Los Angeles Olympiad) beating Thames R.C. in the final

Leander and Shrewsbury have together restored British confidence in the orthodox school of rowing—the full body swing as opposed to the Jesus style inaugurated by Mr. Steve Fairbairn and the pre-War Belgian style. A marked reaction against swivel rowlocks and jerky rhythm has now set in. Shrewsbury—a schoolboy eight—beat Lady Margaret, Cambridge, in the final, and earlier, not only did the Pembroke crew of light blue succumb to Monkton Combe, but Oriel, Oxford, went down to the winners. The all-German final of the Diamonds was unusual, but was extremely popular, both athletes having achieved not only reputation but affection at Henley.

THE ALL-GERMAN FINAL IN THE DIAMONDS; Herr Buhtz and Herr Boelzelen, both of the Berliner Club. The former, seen above on the left, was victorious

THE SUPREMACY OF

GREATER LONDON'S GREATEST NEW INDUSTRIAL CENTRE: A panoramic view of the Ford works at Dagenham taken from the Ford jetty. The building facing the jetty is the main office block and behind this is the manufacturing and assembly building—25 acres under one roof. The total building space occupied by the works is about 110 acres

There are various ways of estimating the economic condition of any particular town or area. One of them is by studying statistics of production; another is by drawing conclusions from figures of employment and unemployment; a third is talking with estate agents who deal in factory sites and commercial property, for they continually have their finger on the pulse of trade. Their business increases with developing industries, and so, in search of the new industrial London, I went first of all to see a world-famous firm of estate agents.

They had an illuminating tale to tell, and it came to no less than this. While London is the heart of the Empire, the largest and in many ways the best-run city in the world, it is also *the greatest individual industrial centre in any country*. This may seem a sweeping statement when one thinks of Sheffield, Essen, Detroit, Chicago, or Birmingham, and when one considers, too, that you can travel all day about London and hardly notice a single factory, *yet it is nevertheless perfectly accurate and true*.

The figures of industrial employment tell us a remarkable story. In July, 1931, the latest month for which a complete official figure is available, there were in the London district 2,346,600 persons between the ages of sixteen and sixty-four insured against unemployment. The number of insured persons not actually engaged in industry is about offset by certain uninsured industrial and transport workers, and workers in industry over sixty-four years of age, so it is fairly safe to say that to-day there are about 2,350,000 industrial workers of both sexes in the London area. There are something over 16,405,000 souls living in London, so over one-eighth of the population is engaged in industry. London, to-day, has more industrial workers than any other *district* in the country, more even than the whole of the highly industrialized north-eastern division, a million more than the whole of Scotland, and very nearly four times as many as the whole of Wales. Yorkshire with its mines and mills, the Midlands with its countless motor-car factories and engineering shops, Lancashire with its cotton towns, are all left in the shade by London. There are about 12,770,000 insured persons in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. More than one-fifth of them are in London. There is no other country in the world that can claim to have such a large proportion of its industrial workers concentrated in one town, and there is no other town where industry is less obtrusive than in London.

In my search for London's factories, my estate agent friends advised me to visit various districts, but one and all they cited Dagenham as a striking example of new industrial development. A day spent there proved a very remarkable experience. The Dagenham Industrial Estate, as this area is known, is about 600 acres, something just under a square mile in extent, and is twelve miles from Charing Cross Station. It runs along the banks of the Thames, and is said to have a river frontage of over 2,000 ft. besides having the London to Tilbury arterial road and a railway line running through it. The heart of the estate is the Ford Motor Company plant, for the name of Dagenham can be coupled to Ford just as much as can Detroit. The statistics of these new Ford works are almost alarming in their enormity—over forty acres of shops and plant, not completed yet, but already representing an expenditure of some £6,000,000; plants capable of producing 500 motor cars every eight hours and employing up to 7,000 men a shift. Destined to be the producing plant not only for the English market but for fifteen countries in Europe and the Near East which are now supplied from Detroit, this giant plant reminds one forcibly of Krupps at Essen in that it is a self-contained unit. It has its own power-house, its own coke-ovens, wells, steam and Diesel electric locomotives. Towering above the plant is a blast furnace, surely the only one in Britain south of the Midlands, thus making available supplies of pig-iron and slag. Running parallel to the works on the river front is an 1,800 ft. jetty, said to be capable of berthing ships up to 10,000 tons at any state of the tide. The main part of this estate is still vacant land intersected by little creeks, but two motor-car body firms, also from America, have established themselves there and are employing 4,000 people. There should be no difficulty about the housing of the workers who come to Dagenham, for next door is the largest housing estate in England, some 25,000 houses built in the last three years by the London County Council. There is an air of semi-completion about Dagenham to-day, but it is fairly safe to predict that in five years' time it will be a highly-developed centre for semi-heavy industries.

It is not a long journey from Dagenham to Beckton, where is to be found another indication of growing London—a new and, in this country, unique coke-oven plant. Perhaps the best way to understand it is to follow the coal as it arrives from the North. First, a mechanical handling plant carries it at the rate of up to 200 tons an hour to what is known as a Bradford breaker. This cleans the coal and breaks it down to $1\frac{1}{2}$-in. lumps. It then passes on to two hammer mills, which can each deal with 100 tons an hour, and the lumps are further broken down until they can pass through a screen with an $\frac{1}{8}$-in. mesh. The fuel is then carried to the blending and service bunkers, which hold three days' supply for the ovens, some 3,600 tons. There are sixty Koppers coke-ovens, arranged in two batteries of thirty, and each oven will hold 16 tons of fuel and turn out 20 tons in 24 hours. The ovens are charged through the top, and a steam apparatus prevents the escape of smoke and dust while charging is taking place. It takes $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to fill an oven and four minutes to empty it. A ram, driven by an 80-h.p. motor, pushes out the glowing coke into a quenching car; it is run under a quenching tower, there is a deafening hiss and a cloud of steam, and in a few minutes the cooling coke is on its way to the grading and screening plant. The gas is taken away from the ovens through 16-in. cast-iron pipes. The statistics of this plant are also almost overwhelming. It will eventually cover 78 acres on the Thames marshes, and the coke-oven plant has cost £1,000,000. It is capable of producing in a single day 15 million cubic feet of gas, 5 tons of sulphur, 3,000 gallons of benzole, and 12,000 gallons of tar. Such is just one unit in the new industrial London.

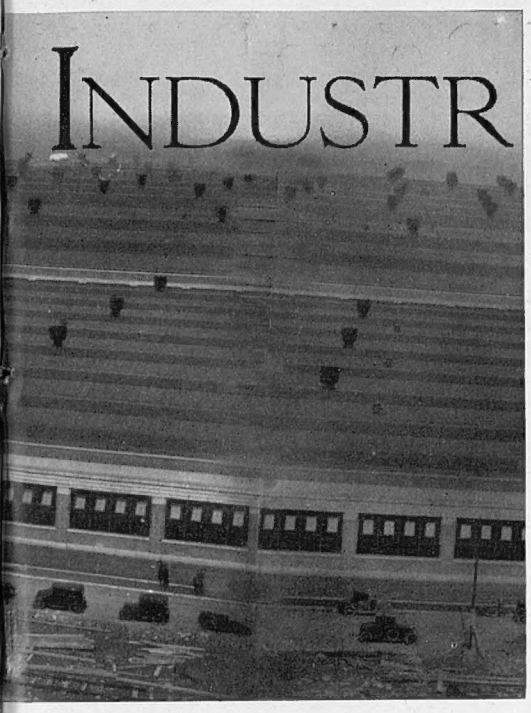
Dagenham and Beckton are but two examples of the industry of the metropolis, and, with the exception of the rather indeterminate area known as the West End, you can find factories in every district in increasing numbers. Within twenty minutes' walk of Piccadilly Circus, just over the new Lambeth Bridge, there is a large and well-known pottery works, and within a few hundred yards is an equally famous soap works. In these works is a fascinating machine which stamps the firm's name on to its soap at the rate of forty tablets a minute. Its fascination lies in its absolute simplicity. All along the south side of the river opposite Chelsea and Pimlico there are many factories and warehouses, including an enormous new gas-producing plant and miles of sidings in big goods yards. In London there are over 176,000 persons engaged in various transport services; there is a complete circle of railway lines right round the metropolis, linking up the great passenger stations and 140 big goods depots. In North and North-west London the industrial development is most noticeable. New and partially completed factories meet you at every corner. A few years ago the main interest in the Park Royal district was the Queen's Park football ground. To-day you can count more than 120 factories in the area. In the Hayes district there are more than forty factories, and in Southall fifty, where there were green fields when the Armistice was signed. Between 1925 and 1928 the number of factory workers in Acton doubled, and there have been considerable increases since. Factories have arisen from the ruins of the Wembley Empire Exhibition buildings; and on the North Circular Road, not so long ago a favourite testing place for motor-car salesmen, there is a long string of new works. Some of London's finest factories stand along the Great West Road, and five new ones are to be built there shortly.

J. Dixon-Scott

THE GREATEST PORT IN THE WORLD: A view of the Thames off Tilbury, with an Orient liner in the foreground, from Gravesend Pier

To-day the different districts of London can lay their claim to certain products, just as much as Glasgow is known for its ships, Sheffield for its steel, Bradford for its wool, or Manchester for its cotton goods. Silvertown produces soap, oil products, fertilizers, and spirits. Bethnal Green is the centre of London's cabinet-making, upholstery, and furniture trades. Spitalfields, which lies within this borough, still retains its age-old fame for the highest grade silk products. Acton produces motor cars, aeroplane engines, precious metals, motor-car accessories, food products, and has a big dyeing and cleaning business. The products of Hayes include gramophones and records, confectionery and food. Croydon gives us wireless sets, aeroplanes, beer, typewriters, scientific instruments, clocks, and church bells. Camberwell meets the needs of the inner man with tinned goods, mineral waters, and pickles, besides producing pianos, motor bodies, tiles, and paint. There is hardly a single light industrial product that is not made in London to-day.

Outside the actual London area there are other zones of industrial development. One of them, a model of how a residential and factory district can be blended with the use of "green belts" without spoiling the countryside, is Welwyn Garden City. No less than forty-four different trades have factories in this centre, producing such varied things as constructional steel work, cosmetics, films, corsets, and shredded wheat. Letchworth, planned on somewhat similar lines, turns out a variety of products from parachutes to perambulators. Here factories are sold on rent-purchase schemes, and it is one of the centres favoured by foreign industrialists brought to this country by the tariffs. High Wycombe has built up a furniture industry employing over 9,000 men and women, Southend is making wireless sets which are one of the romances of British industry, and the



INDUSTRIAL LONDON

An Encouraging Survey which should go Far to Dispel the Prevalent Gloom

By J. BAKER-WHITE

In 1923 about 60,000 factory workers were in the area; to-day the total is close on 200,000, and it is still growing.

Serving the whole of this vast industrial machine, and supplying many of the necessities of life for about twenty million people that live within 100 miles of the Thames, is the Port of London, claimed to be, and rightly so, the greatest, the best equipped, and the most efficient port in the world. The port, which is administered by the public trust known as the P.L.A., or Port of London Authority, extends from an imaginary line drawn from Kent to Essex just below the famous Nore light-vessel to a spot just below Teddington. One has to make this seventy mile trip by river to realize fully the marvels of this great port. In it there are over 4,000 acres of dock estate, 722 acres of water—in the Royal Victoria, Royal Albert and King George V Docks alone, there are 245 acres of water enclosed by nearly 13 miles of quays—45 miles of quays, 517 acres of warehouse space with accommodation for over a million tons of merchandise. Statistics may be unimpressive things, but a trip round London's docks is an unforgettable experience. To see the floating crane "London Mammoth," with its lifting capacity of 150 tons, swinging whole railway coaches into the hold of a ship as if they were children's toys; to watch a great Orient liner being shepherded through the entrance lock of Tilbury Docks; to walk through the miles of warehouses full of tea, tobacco, wines, and a hundred and one commodities, and, most unforgettable of all, to see the Pool at midnight.

In A.D. 61 the Roman historian Tacitus described London as "crowded with traders and a great centre of commerce." What would he think of the port to-day? Imports and exports in 1930 amounted to the value of £603,742,464. In 1931, 54,751 vessels of tonnage totalling over 56 million tons arrived at and departed from the port, and 286,359 passengers passed over its various landing stages in the year. Over seven million bushels of apples, over three million tons of grain, 702,000 tons of meat—the equivalent of some 28 million carcasses of mutton—nearly three million tons of petroleum, 496 million pounds of tea, 50 million fleeces of wool, and close on two million tons of wood were some of the chief imports of the port last year. The port never rests for an hour in the year. Day and night, in fair weather and foul, there is activity. All along the 170 miles of banks 9,000 barges are plying to and fro, connecting industry and the consumer with the ships from overseas. Day and night the River Inspection Service launches, the traffic police of the port, are passing to and fro. At any time may come a call for a pilot, or for the services of the Wreck Raising Service ships with their green flags and divers. And day and night, in summer sun and winter snowstorm, little open black launches slip up and down the river, in them the blue-clad men of the Thames Police, saviours of suicides and guardians of millions of pounds' worth of goods.

Perhaps one of the most striking things about industrial London is the rate at which industrialization has increased. In July, 1923, there were 2,004,000 insured persons in London. In July, 1925, there were 2,082,000, and in the corresponding month of last year 2,346,600. This means that in the last eight years London's industrial population has increased by close on 350,000, or at the rate of about 870 per working week. As the mean average of employment is between 800 and 900 persons to a factory, we arrive at the fact that London's factories have increased since 1923 at something like one every week. This fact seems almost incredible, until you drive along some of London's outer roads and by-passes and count the factories. At the same time the port facilities have been extended and improved. The West India and Milwall Docks were linked up in 1929.

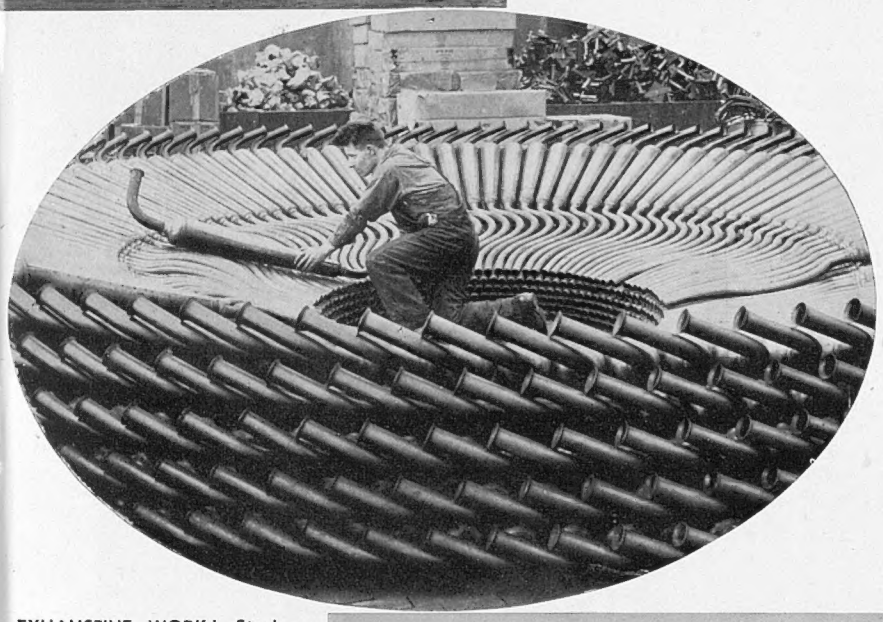
In 1925 the 15-acre Quebec Dock was added to the Surrey Commercial Docks system, and in 1930 the Lavender Dock was brought into use. In the same year the new Tilbury floating passenger landing stage, with its great Customs Hall and railway station, was opened to centralize passenger traffic. Before 1930 thousands of passengers had to pass the ordeal of being transhipped in mid-river from liners to rain-swept tenders. Now any vessel using the port can lie alongside the stage at any state of the tide. Thus does industrial London keep on growing.

London is particularly fortunate as far as unemployment is concerned. Of her 2,350,000 industrial workers about 13.5 per cent. are unemployed. That is bad enough, but it is better than any other district in the country. The reason for London's comparatively low percentage of unemployed is that the newer and lighter industries are less affected by the economic depression than the heavy industries of the North. It is noticeable, too, that London's industrial population continues to increase.

As industrial London has grown, so has there been an enormous increase in the non-industrial population who are nearly all dependent indirectly upon industry. You can see the process being worked out all round the northern rim of London. A grass field, decorated with a notice, "Desirable Factory Site." Then it is plastered with a red "Sold" poster, and in a few weeks the foundations of the factories appear. In a remarkably short space of time they are completed and at work. Within six months housing schemes are in operation, and within a year a new community, with its shops and inns and transport schemes and doctors and other necessities, has come into being. What were Tolworth, Hinchley Wood, Surbiton Park, Dagenham, Becontree, Belvedere, and half a hundred new communities ten years ago? The census figures tell their story. In 1921 the population of London was 14,960,402, housed in 2,679,842 dwellings. In 1931 the population totalled 16,405,636, and the number of dwellings 3,282,854. Thus in ten years the population of London increased by nearly 10 per cent. and the number of dwellings by over 22 per cent. We talk about "the changing face of London." No wonder: there are 603,000 more houses than there were ten years ago!

There are two more figures that bring home to us the greatness of London. There are nearly 3,000,000 more people in London to-day than there were in the whole of England and Wales a hundred years ago, when industrial Britain was being born. There are 681,000 more houses in London to-day than there were in the whole of England and Wales in 1831. To-day we are in the midst of the Second Industrial Revolution. Old industries are contracting. We are building a lower tonnage of ships to-day than at any time in the last fifty-five years. New industries are growing. We shall be canning three times more fruit and vegetables this year than three years ago. The black and silent pit gears of the Rhondda Valley are cited by the pessimists. The optimists point to the white and smokeless factories of the Great West Road.

The greatness of Britain is founded upon her industries and agriculture. In the post-War years we had our foolish, spendthrift phase, and to-day we are going through the uncomfortable process of coming down to earth and facing grim reality. But industry and the nation are sound at heart. We should do well to remember the words of Tacitus, who found London "a great centre of commerce." He wrote them over 1,800 years ago, but they are just as true to-day.



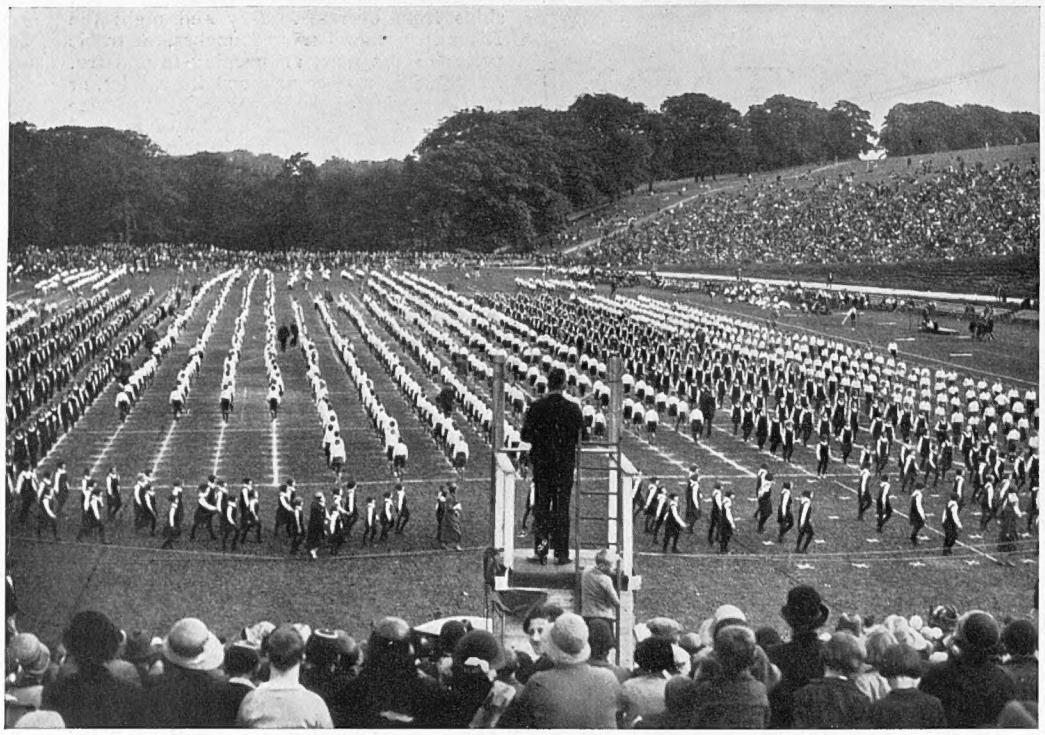
EXHAUSTIVE WORK! Stacking motor-car exhausts in readiness for fitting on to Fords at the plant at Dagenham

Thames-side industrial areas in Kent are reaching out to link themselves up with the industries of the Medway valley.

Slough is a striking example of modern industrial development. Before the War it was a rural area, and then the military authorities established there a huge transport centre. After the War it sank into a semi-derelict state, but to-day it is a thriving industrial area, producing motor cars, chemicals, patent medicines, paint, biscuits, groceries, wireless equipment, and many other products. Before the War the area between Slough and Acton was mainly green fields and market gardens.

ON THE GREAT WEST ROAD: The Firestone tyre factory—one of the most impressive of the new factories that have sprung up along the borders of the Great West Road. Five new factories are soon to be built along the great arterial thoroughfare

ROUND o' the DAY



THE LINES OF YOUTH: A general view during the massed physical drill display at Roundhay Park, Leeds, on Children's Day

THE BRAW LAD AND THE BRAW LASS: Mr. John S. Chapman and Miss May Noble greeted by Brig.-Gen. Sir Walter M. Scott during the Galashiels celebrations

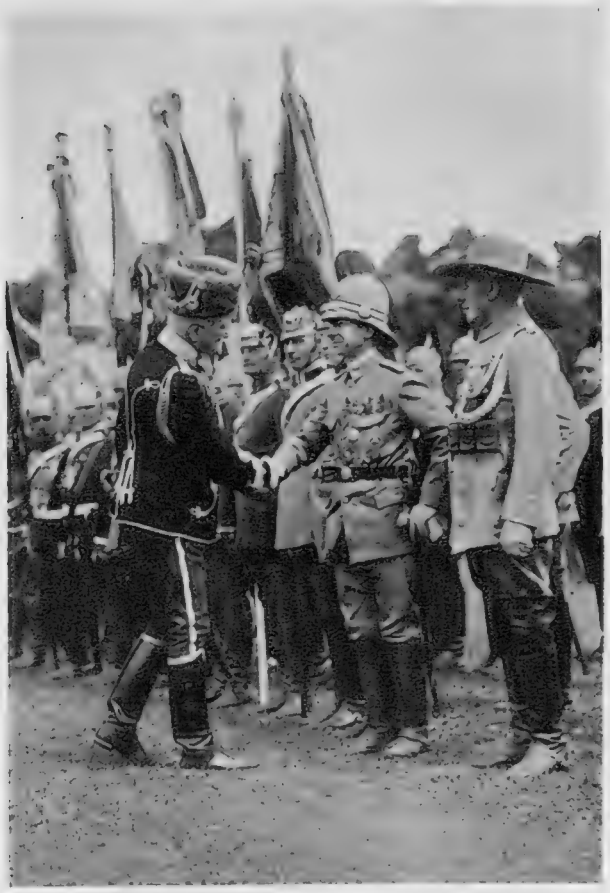
THE USUAL PARADE: The top-hatted atmosphere of Lord's, which is so marked a characteristic at the end of this week, was unusually lacking on the first three days when (considering the first day only) Oxford had a severe attack of the (Light) Blues

LORD D'ABERNON and the Dowager Countess of Jersey at tea on the terrace of Esher Place during the recent fete at the Shaftesbury Home for Girls

THE GARDEN PARTY AT HURLINGHAM: The Indian Empire Garden Party and the Polo Matches, which clashed with Finals Day at Wimbledon, were distinguished by an exceedingly smartly dressed gathering. Almost as many top-hats of grey and black were to be seen as at Ascot

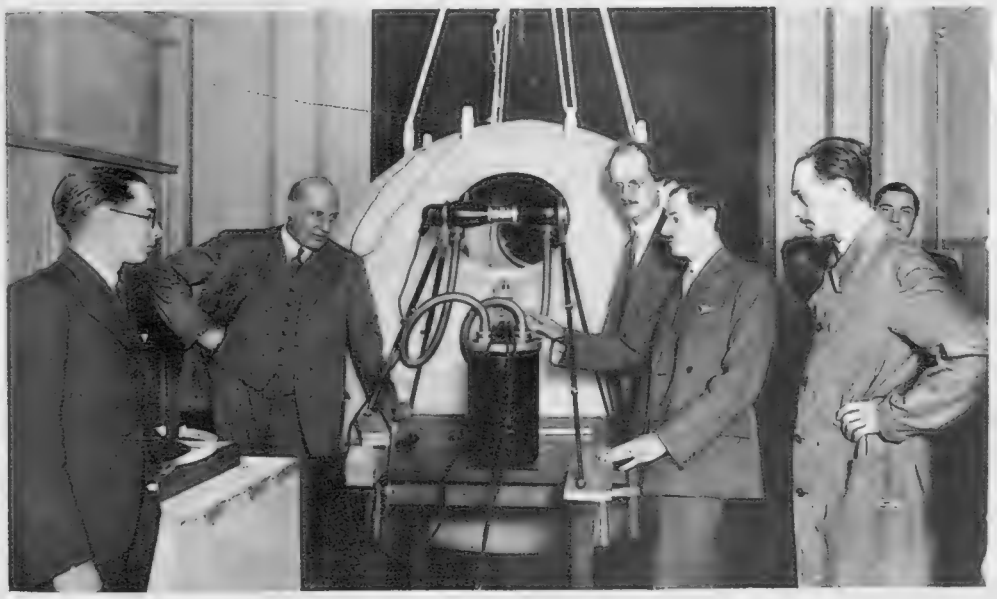
SLATIN PASHA, seen with his 16-year-old daughter, who was bidden to lunch at Buckingham Palace. He refused to fight against the British during the War

THE SURVEY OF THE SPHERE

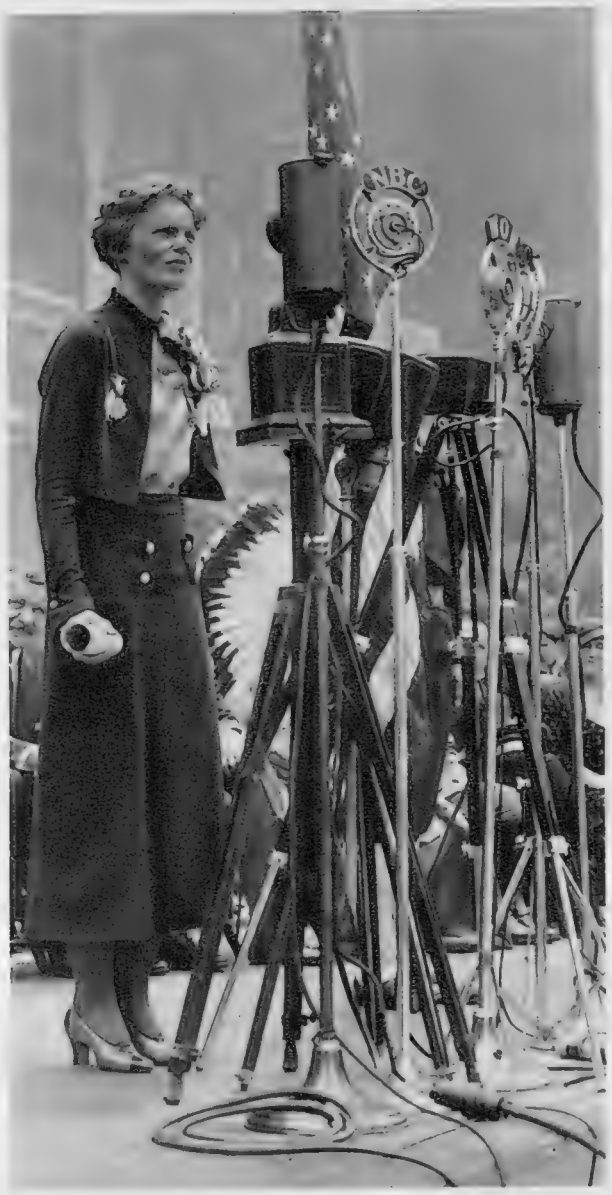


REVIVING OLD MEMORIES: Marshal von Mackensen greeting the former German Colonial Troops of East Africa at the Hannover ceremony last week

PRESIDENT OF FRANCE: In accordance with tradition, the recently elected President of the French Republic, M. Albert Le Brun (centre figure), formerly President of the Senate, was received at the Hôtel de Ville (Town Hall) of Paris as First Citizen



PROFESSOR PICCARD MAKES SURE that his new gondola for his forthcoming stratospherical flight is faultless throughout. He used a *Metalix* X-ray outfit to ensure that the metal, subject to great strain, contained no imperfections and that the seams were properly welded



LADY LINDY SPEAKS: Miss Amelia Earhart (Mrs. George Putnam) broadcast from Federal Hall, Bryant Park, New York, after she had been awarded the Cross of Honour of the United States Flag Association in honour of her epoch-making trans-Atlantic flight

MEDIEVAL FOOTBALL: The match between the Greens and the Whites which took place in Florence in the sixteenth century, was replayed there on June 24, both teams being dressed in the costumes of the period. The picture shows the line-up for the procession before the start of the game. The players were Florentine noblemen and are descendants of the original teams. The original game was played in 1530 during a siege of Florence

THE OLDEST EXISTING WINDMILL IN ENGLAND: Bourn Windmill, Cambs., is unique in having a straight gabled roof similar to the type seen in the early English illuminated MSS. Its maintenance has now been made secure by the Cambridge Preservation Society

FRITTENDEN WINDMILL, KENT: This is equipped with "spring sail," invented by Andrew Meikle in 1772. They are akin to a Venetian blind and control the pace of the gyration at will

SAVING THE WINDMILLS of ENGLAND

BAYLY: But here is a mill, sir; will you make a note of it on your plot?

SURVEYOR: In any case—for it is not the least ornament of a mannor . . . a well-conditioned and a well-wrought mill.

John Norden: *The Surveyor's Daughter (1607).*

The saving of Bourn Mill, Cambridge, by the Cambridge Preservation Society has again drawn attention to the good work which is being done in several quarters to maintain our old windmills wherever possible, and certainly to stem that tide of destruction which swept against the mills in Victorian times. To what a great extent demolition had been going on can be gathered from the interesting pages of the second volume on English windmills just published by the Architectural Press.

The first volume dealt with Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; this new volume gives us highly interesting details of windmills in Buckinghamshire, Essex, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, and London. Mr. Donald Smith has prepared the work on behalf of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, who have so actively interested themselves in this good work. London itself has always had its share of windmills, and may, indeed, hold claim to the first reference in English literature to a windmill, one Jorden Brisel giving unto the Priory of Clerkenwell "one piece of ground thereby to build a windmill upon. . . ." At the present time there are mills, or remains of mills, to be seen at Brixton, Wandsworth, Wimbledon, Plumstead, Islington, and Rosebery Avenue. Nothing remains of the windmill which Falstaff wished to forget.

SHALLOW: Oh, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill on St. George's Fields?

FALSTAFF: No more of that, good Master Shallow.

The county of Essex could once boast of having 212 mills; in 1886 it had 140 working; in 1908 only 49 working; in 1917 the number had fallen to 24. There are now, according to Mr. Donald Smith, 14 in working or partly working order. There was a great destruction of windmills in the twenty years between 1870 and 1890, no fewer than 46 mllls being taken down within a radius of ten miles from Romford. None of these mills remain.

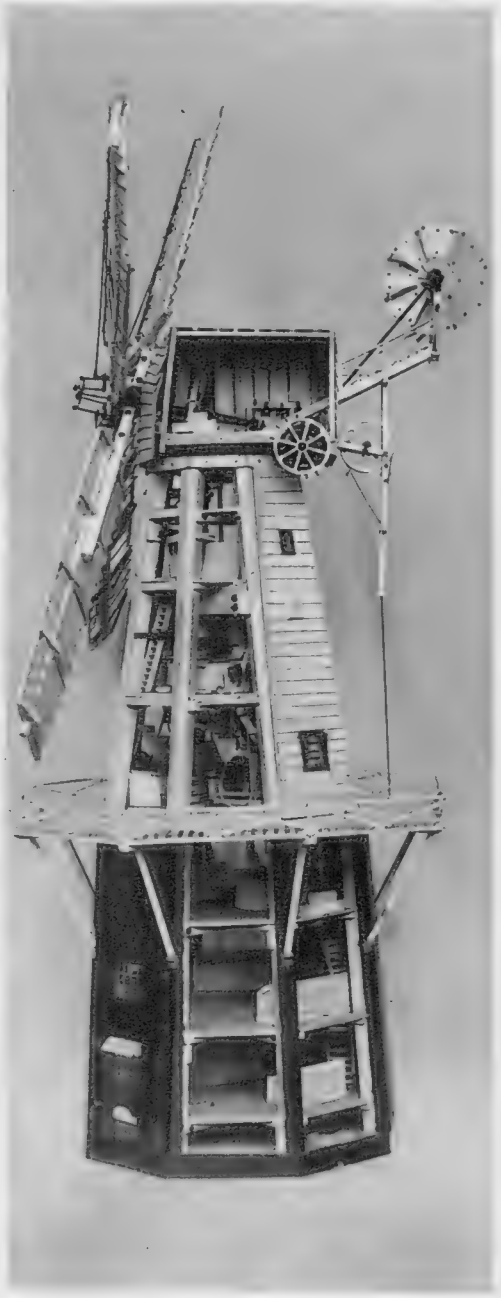
It is very entertaining to follow the author through his historical and domestic notes concerning the various post, smock, and towers mills in the counties dealt with. Under Billericay we read of the corpulent miller who cured his obesity with a diet of mashed sea biscuits; we learn that millers were not allowed to keep swine or ducks for fear they should feed them on grain which really belonged to their obligatory customers; that Long Meg of Westminster had a brush with a miller of Epping and that she succeeded in slipping a sack over him in the manner of a straight jacket and hauled him up skywards by his own sack rope.

The lingering need for the old paternal regulations of the sale of corn was ended when the system of sale by factorage was established, and this system, as well as the supply of flour, had its origin in the rich cornlands of Essex. Tradition has it, we are told, that it began with a number of Essex farmers, who used to leave samples of corn with the landlord of an inn at Whitechapel where they put up, and to whom they paid commission to save the trouble of attending the market every week.

Some of the illustrations given here are from the collection of Mr. Rex Wailes.

THE WINDMILL STUDIO: Mr. Roland Green, the distinguished artist has converted an almost derelict windmill near Hickling on the Norfolk Broads. Pupils from all over the country attend the studio and are taken out in a duck-punt. Mr. Green is seen above giving a lesson

BURGH-LE-MARSH WINDMILL, LINCS., shows an improvement on Meikle's sail, devised by Cubitt. A hollow windshaft is used to carry the sails and a rod is run through it. The front end of this rod is connected by means of cranks and levers to the four sailbars. To the rear end is attached a rack. A pinion working with this rack is mounted on the same spindle as a lever from which is hung an endless chain. Weights hung on to this chain are lifted when the shutters open and spill the wind. The weights, which thus take the place of Meikle's spring, can be altered without stopping the mill. This type is always known as the "patent-sail"



THE INTERNAL STRUCTURE OF A WINDMILL: A working model of the mill at Cranbrook in Kent; it is known technically as a smock mill. The model is on view in the Science Museum, South Kensington. It shows in section the brick base on which the timber smock rests. There are three floors in the base and three on the smock section of the mill which dates from 1814; it is in excellent condition and nowadays a power plant supplements the wind

OTTAWA—Where the EMPIRE CONFERS

During the present summer Ottawa, as the venue of the Imperial Economic Conference, will figure prominently in the eyes of the world.

In common with other federal capitals on this side of the Atlantic, Ottawa is of purely political importance although it is within easy reach of those financial and commercial centres of Eastern Canada, Montreal, and Toronto. Sixty years ago Ottawa was chosen by Queen Victoria as the Dominion Capital, thus settling for all time the competing claims of Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto. Originally a flourishing lumbering centre and known as Bytown, the city has changed in character and has now more than 120,000 residents of whom a third are of French extraction and bilingual.

The city usually has a hot summer, and those attending the Conference would be well-advised to prepare for a temperature of 80 deg. Fah. with occasional excursions to 90 deg. Fah. and above. The thermometer falls very little at night and many residents enjoy sleeping out on their verandas during the warm weather.

What to wear

Although tropical suits are not usually worn summer materials should be of the lightest weight, and for ladies pastel and white outfits predominate.

Due to its naturally favourable situation Ottawa is fast becoming a sports centre. In winter a network of ski trails, carefully maintained by the ski clubs which have a membership of thousands, penetrate the hills to the North. Rockliffe Park contains a huge ski-jump where competitions are held regularly. The waters not only of the Ottawa river but those of the Rideau and Gatineau rivers, which flow into the former a short distance below the city, provide excellent facilities for swimming, canoeing, and sailing in the summer months. The Gatineau valley, stretching for miles northwards is particularly picturesque.

Ottawa not dry

A word about the liquor laws will be useful. Canada is not dry like the United States, but the provinces administer their own regulations. Ottawa is in Ontario, where alcoholic drinks can be purchased only at Government stores in small quantities with a permit. However, in Quebec permits are unnecessary, and wines and beers are readily obtainable.

Besides the political activities of the capital there is a considerable diplomatic circle. In 1926, Canada took over the administration of her own foreign affairs, and the United States, France, and Japan have established legations, while the United Kingdom have purchased "Earnscliffe," occupied formerly by Sir John Macdonald, Canada's premier at the time of Confederation. Governor-General, the Earl of Bessborough, resides at Rideau Hall, and the social life of the capital revolves around Government House.

Club life of Ottawa

The Canadian clubs are a characteristic feature of Canadian cities. In the capital the Prime Minister, members of the Cabinet, and the more prominent citizens regularly attend the luncheon meetings to which distinguished visitors are almost inevitably invited and asked to speak for a few moments. The Royal Ottawa Golf Club and the Country Club which are situated on the Quebec side of the river a few miles above the city are the most fashionable centres for the entertainment of out-of-town guests.

In Canada, the British tradition is still strong, and, although the influence of her southern neighbour can be traced in the organization of industry, the display in the shops, and in the mode of speech, in the social sphere there is a certain reserve and formality which is more akin to what one is accustomed to in England. It is usual for visitors to Ottawa to call at Government House soon after their arrival. During the coming Conference Their Excellencies are likely to hold a garden party at which the delegates and their wives will be presented.

OTTAWA FROM THE AIR: Dominated by the Big Ben-like Peace Tower, with its carillon of fifty-three bells, are the Houses of Parliament—Commons and Senate; across the Ottawa River is the city of Hull behind which, on the right, are the Gatineau Hills; to the left are the Chaudière Falls and the power dam. In the central foreground is Chateau Laurier, the great hotel, and to the left is the Union Station. The U-shaped building to the right is the printing bureau. Diagonally to the left and downward is the National Revenue Department while the great department stores of Rideau Street are on the right-centre at the bottom of the picture

LUCERNE IN QUEBEC: The Log Chateau in the recreation resort (the amenities both for society and sport in Canadian capital are excellent) in the Valley of the Ottawa River

80,000 ACRES OF RECREATION LAND have been created in the valley of the Ottawa River, and have been named Lucerne in Quebec. This aerial view shows the Seigniory Club, and the Log Chateau. The distance from Ottawa is forty-seven miles

AMERICA: Mr. Hugh Gibson who, with Mr. Norman Davis, erupted, on President Hoover's instructions, from Disarmament at Geneva into Reparations at Lausanne to give voice to the U.S. intervention

FORTY MILES OF

The Mise-en-Scène of the Interwover

By FERDINAND

LAUSANNE.

There have been thirty-four major or lesser conferences since Spa in 1920—but three persons, it is said, could wear chevrons for the whole collection of recurrent and camouflaged human insufficiency, of plastering up of the cracks—this twin affair of Lausanne-Geneva is unquestionably high-water mark of them all in the way of rooted common striving to do something. Motives may differ, yet eyes remain set on the hands of the clock as these progress from the eleventh to the twelfth hour. This will bring a smile to many who are won over to the idea that everything happening anywhere near Geneva can only be interminable blah. If these doubting ones would stop to ponder that (a), this whole business since February has been like trying to build on ever-shifting sands; with a world about us in full process of evolution, when it isn't revolution, our chosen architects are invited to construct a lasting and acceptable-to-all edifice, and that (b), the institution of democracy has permitted one stream of elections to render it perfectly impossible to get on with the job (as crowning idiocy, now everybody's got to wait, more or less, until Hoover succeeds himself or Al Smith shows the world, while he would be a bold one who would bank on either Herriot or von Papen being here a month hence, and there's also such a thing as our own Ottawa mental reservation) . . . if trifles such as these are considered, perhaps the picture alters.

A spirit pervades Lausanne-Geneva such as one does not recollect encountering at conferences heretofore, a feeling of the deep seriousness of it all, with special reference to the time factor, coupled—it must be said—with a growing restiveness at the system which ordains constant baulking and stymieing by America or, to be more exact, by gentlemen of Chicago parading singing "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea." One does so hope Washington will come round while the coming round's still good and take the plunge in answer to what *looks like* being encompassed here—a first modest step towards Franco-German appeasement. I write while everything is well and truly in gestation, yet it does look as if that may represent current accomplishment, following which there may ensue prorogation of both conferences—debts and disarmament—into the autumn; into an even sadder and wiser world, if such were possible.

It has passed from fashion to damn the French for standing out on their security, to curse the Italians as subtle mischief-makers, to characterize the Germans as a lot of pig-dogs slyly manœuvring for another Day, even to paint Albion as any more perfidious than most others. In the new seriousness, that brand of talk and thinking is heavily on the wane; save in surviving bought journalism of the boulevards, the latest glaring example of which has been the enticing of one or two notable ones into the pocket of Tokio (how prejudicial to France is this kind of thing, so painfully evident). The atmosphere is powerfully one of a disabused cynicism, but only the Russians would fail to agree that work has been undertaken, in common, which simply must be forced to some sort of conclusion this time, or else, not war—there's perhaps too much talk of war which doesn't seem the real danger—but social upheaval.

I have thought these days of the road from Lausanne to Geneva as the highway of our more immediate fate. As a symbol, too, showing how inseparably fused are debts, arms, and reparations. Debts one end of the forty miles of narrow and tortuous road; disarmament at the other. Now Paul-Boncour is dashing over the hyphen highway, direction Geneva-Lausanne, to tell Herriot that Hoover has upset the apple cart; now "Ramsay" is speeding westward to resume some earnest thread at the League. Day and night it goes on, as statesmen, delegates, experts, secretaries, correspondents career to and fro, national pennants a-flutter, and in most things from Rolls to Rosengarts. Alone the official Americans will scarcely venture along that hyphen highway at all, save furtively at dead of night, but there it is, all the same, physically linking up debts, reparations, and disarmament.

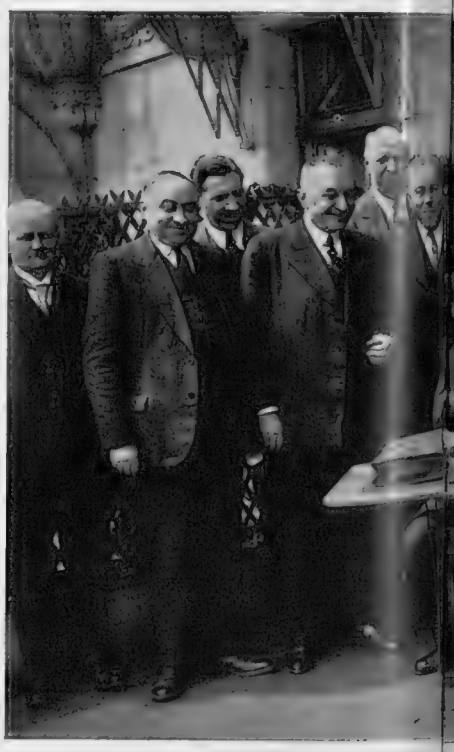
Possibly this dual parley will survive mainly in conference lore by reason of one of the American sorties, even as Cannes lives on for the Lloyd George–Briand golf match which led a pale and humourless Poincaré back in Paris, to announce, "enough of this fooling," and to assume the succession (the golfers were trying to do approximately what we are striving after here ten years later, but no matter). The official Americans sortie-d from Geneva one midnight to Morges, at the gates of reparational Lausanne. One or two of us went over the other day to see the room where Mr. Gibson advised M. Herriot of the Hoover bombshell projected for the morrow at Geneva. The proprietor of the *Grain d'Or* intends putting up a plaque, hoping to reap custom as did the innkeeper of Thoiry, who once served Briand and Stresemann. It was a mouldy room with antimacassars that we mounted to, and where we were served with the same brandy that Mr. Gibson paid 5 francs for (coin being framed). Apparently the only light relief about that Franco-American tête-à-tête, when the forthright Mayor of Lyons is said to have found it hard not to say, "Monsieur Hoovair he do this for his election campaign!" concerned a simultaneous yodling session in the next room by the local shooting club.

Ever after Herriot gave the correspondents the slip that night, a minute sleuthing of his every move has ensued. Herriot would be signalled motoring in such and such a street. Off would hop a batch of scriveners in their cars and follow up. What could the fellow be up to now? Taking von Papen for a row on the lake? As likely as not "the fellow" would be tracked down to a restaurant under the trees, seated corpulently before a fondante, local speciality which some are not so fond of, for its lingering attributes, yet whose usual accompaniment, a pichet of cool, white Dézelay, goes well these oppressive lakeside days and nights. A propos, sometimes one is led to wonder if such fateful affairs as these were not better staged in thoroughly objectionable places like the Ruhr, where the moment a statesman or expert popped forth from his quarters, back he would want to pop again, and on with the job at all hazards, and away. There can be few summer scenes more serene than Lausanne, far, far away from the stress and ugliness which paints the world. The Swiss may have the crisis even, as the rest of us, but it is hard to come by visible symptoms. Flowers and "aubades" (bugle marching) on all sides, a furbished town, youth singing, beauty going down to the beach in bronzed array. And peace, and the incessant song of bird life amid luxuriant greenery. Gently lapping water. A remarkable sense of stillness. The centre of it all should be the Château at Ouchy, but isn't.

Here the delegations should long since have gone into committee but at this writing the Conference is still stuck fast on the Franco-German rock, with Mr. MacDonald standing by ready to act as umpire at the slightest call. The Conference remains a matter of hotel-to-hotel visiting, with fresh plans to save Europe maturing periodically from most of the sixteen countries represented. The Château, with its gory and sinister past, stands untenanted save for half-a-dozen Swiss gendarmes. Here hundreds were executed for witchcraft and heresy, hundreds more for being found guilty of spreading the plague. The chief tax collector was also the public executioner, as the chief debt collectors may yet be, despite the best intentions.

The only leader who ducks the lakeside calm is Herriot. Von Papen and his merry men are at the Savoy. As newcomer and bolt from the blue, also as that seemingly surprising combination, a German gentleman of race, culture, and fascinating looks, the ex-Attaché has the gallery. He talks "Touraine French" to Herriot, and Herriot sometimes ventures on German with von P., as when, one day on leaving the German, he paraphrased "Die Luft ist kühl aber es dunkelt nicht" ("the air is cool but it doesn't darken," from the *Lorelei*) although the burly mayor might have been equally enlightening had he selected the opening line of the poem,

CONFERENCE: A general view of the Reparations Conf —forty miles from Geneva, whe



FRANCE: M. Herriot with various representativ Finance Minister; M. Paganon, Und Rey, Chief of the Cabinet; and

GREAT BRITAIN: The Umpire-in-Reserve, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, with Sir John Simon and Miss Ishbel MacDonald, the latter of whom is active to prevent her father overworking in any way after his recent illness

CONFERENCE: Geneva and Lausanne

International Discussions of Crisis

ence held at the Hôtel Beau Ouchy Rivage, Ouchy, Lausanne Disarmament has been discussed

of his country including M. Germain Martin, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; M. Marcel Jean Durand, delegate to the Conference

GERMANY: Herr von Papen, who has made a great personal success—not only with his admirable French—at the Lausanne-Geneva talk-fest, with Herr von Neurath, but with his general suave ambassadorial manner

TUOHY

Grandi is at the Royal, always looked after by a couple of the largest bruisers. Grandi is infectious and brought down the popular house over at Geneva when he read in staccato phrasing his country's complete acceptation of Hoover. Grandi now speaks for the "coup d'éponge" in debts, as well, though Mussolini's latter-day Coué-ing of himself into the notion that he originated this policy is not quite so good. However, what does that matter? One thing these Italians do is to take the long view, take a sporting chance, act on the indisputable premise that this world is not going to remain for ever, or for long, static.

Herriot prefers the bustle and jostle of a caravanserai up in the middle of the town, just as he favours a noisy "palace" on the Grands Boulevards. One night he entered the restaurant here stroking his golden-hung tummy in open readiness. Tryingly turned out, he seems to want to look as plebeian as possible. Ah, but the Mayor of Lyons is a remarkable contradiction. *Paris Snob* may squirm at his gaucherie, especially since he has come up against the suave and attractive von Papen, yet this rough customer has an erudition, a finesse of mind, which they all may envy. Herriot has the hardest task. How sure and straightforward is our Premier's rôle, sending a Samuel or a Simon back to Downing Street, compared with the Frenchman's having to fight on two fronts, the German barons in the writing room of the Lausanne Palace and a host of political enemies up in Paris (three new ones, in key positions, have been added since the start of this Conference.)

Herriot has had his brushes with our Recent Beauty, too. She always asks, when hovering over an intended victim, "what's his interest—they won't talk politics with me." Herriot she was told, was an expert on Beethoven and on Norman forests.

"Oh, say, I'll leave the forests. But Beethoven . . . why I was in wireless myself during the war!"

And she bore down on the burly Mayor and the burly Mayor brought his hands down on her shoulders and passed on in silence. And the Recent Beauty started her story:—

"I thought Herriot was going to kiss me—"

And so we have our brightnesses even at this eleventh hour affair.

Not that the social situation corresponds in the least to *Congress Dances*, being featured in the town. The Swiss have had us out on the lake when they made a frightfully Ypres-like noise with fireworks. There has been a garden party at the Beau Rivage when hands were clasped before the movie-men. And a students' ball at the Herriot caravanserai, and a charity tea at which Mr. MacDonald saw child folk-dancing, and that must be about all. No banqueting. Conferences have become economic affairs, with window-dressing consigned to the failures of the past. This reunion, which we are paying for as the inviting nation, should not cost more than £10,000, a figure arrived at by comparison with the £40,000 totalled by the League's annual Assembly of over fifty nations. £.s.d. is much in evidence currently on lake Geneva. I do not refer to the Swiss cashing-in of some £3,000 p.d. in so-dear Lausanne, for the 800 delegates, etc., and Press attending the Conference, rather to the peregrinations of a knightly London economist, just now going from room to room at the League and asking in as many words what people are doing, how much does it cost, and what's been the increase and why?

Even were the mood one of distraction, which it is not, this grand slam in conferencing is so scattered and continuous an affair, so difficult to maintain touch with, as to rule out most things save an occasional excursion or round of golf—the lake is unfortunately full of ice-water, owing to the late winter, else that would be a stand-by.

Anything may happen anywhere along a forty-mile front. Grandi and von Papen are taking breakfast on the terrace. The Belgians and the French have gone out to a rural lunch. These talks form the kernel of the proceedings. Later they are elaborated by the experts of whom Sir John Simon—of, perhaps, too conscious oratory—took the occasion at Geneva to propagate the tag that, "experts are people who know more and more about less and less." The hotel-to-hotel visiting conducts, in turn, to daily bulletins for the surging correspondents, the majority of whom favour Herriot headquarters. Sometimes the scrumming scenes—I was pushed clean through green things and nearly through a plate glass window—are not very elegant, as when, one night, a giant diplomat appeared on the stairway and *poured* communiqués down in an unending litter on a sea of snatching hands. Somehow that suggested a hunting dénouement rather than the informing of the world's Press.

As usual, the Great will have their quips. Mr. MacDonald was guilty of an old one in approaching the throng and asking, "and what have we been doing to-day?" But one doesn't see much of Mr. MacDonald who is also not allowed to overstudy. "That will do now," says a young Scottish Miss, removing papers and things. Most mornings I pass the Prime Minister on his pre-breakfast stroll by the lakeside at Ouchy. He gets off to golf at En Marin whenever he can, or drives round the countryside. Close at hand is Inspector Renshaw although, except for a crazy German firing a pistol in protest against reparations, there has been no scare. But shadowing remains the order of the day ever since the Bolshevik Voronsky was killed at the Cecil here. Detectives can cut through 99 per cent. and more of us. We are all the same journalists, experts, secretaries, from time immemorial (if not the same Ministers). The shadowers fix on the person who apparently doesn't know anybody, and he or she is marched off to explain. Also, one must never leave boxes about. I left a hatbox in the lounge of the Lausanne Palace and had to go and fetch it at police headquarters. The Swiss are a methodical people.

Perhaps Herriot alleviated the sultriness most when one evening he pretended to prepare to gratify international newspaper hunger—and then read out a telegraphic exhortation he had received signed "The Swiss Unknown Soldier."

I have, naturally, refrained from going into what the Conference is doing because everything changes from day to day. Now Austria is on top; now we are all speeding over to Geneva for a big disarmament day (and how the Swiss speed and alas, how they use, the road indifferently); now we are back at Lausanne and the Franco-Germans are at grips once more, trying, in that writing room, to agree upon something which Berlin and Paris will stand for.

And the whole is set amid a perfect eddying of rumours and counter-rumours, the best relief from which is to be received in unofficial talky-talk by one's own people when just directives are cautiously given out.

So much for the setting and the mechanism of this very nearly ultimate parley. Nor can I close without mentioning that if it wasn't for ourselves as umpire-in-reserve, there wouldn't be a dog's chance. Even so, the French may have left it too late, and the Americans, even later.

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten" and which a go-getting colleague at once put across the ocean as "I don't know what it's all about."

Britain is at the Beau Rivage. Very much so. Foreign Office and Treasury teas and bridge parties are the rule while we play our waiting part. Now and again the P.M. passes, usually with his daughter. A harassed and nervously-moving P.M. who likes to get clear of everybody to the lift but who is on most occasions borne down upon by our Prize Vamp, a lady who started by being arrested, who was liberated on a cable arriving saying she was a "high grade socialite," and who ever since has waylaid the great. One day she appeared on the scene mouthing against the Swiss. She was tugging frizzy bleached tufts at either side. "See my hair, see my hair! They'd just shampooed and dried it when twelve o'clock struck and they said I'd have to come back for the waving at two! And I have Grandi waiting . . . ."

THE PARADOX: Although M. Herriot (seen with Miss Ishbel MacDonald) is daily becoming more and more of the Left in aspect, he yet possesses an erudition and a finesse of mind which all at the Conference may envy

IN and AROUND LONDON

THE ABBEY GARDEN PARTY: Dr. Foxley Norris and Mrs. Norris entertain

CONSEQUENCE OF THE HEAT WAVE: Thirsty horses have yet another reason to be grateful to Our Dumb Friends' League, for an official was stationed at many drinking troughs to supply oatmeal and water to thirsty beasts

THE QUEEN AND THE MASCOT: Last week H.M. paid a visit to Lapsewood, Sydenham Hill, the new training centre for unemployed opened by the Lord Mayor a few days previously. The inmates are trained in domestic service and then helped to find a post suited to their capabilities and training. The Queen is seen above with Jennifer, the mascot of the centre

"SPEECHER": Top hats in grey and black were as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, or toppers at Lord's, at Speech Day at Harrow School, when all special prizes are given and a play is performed by "bloods." Selections from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* formed this year's programme. The head of the school is seen calling for cheers for the distinguished visitors, a considerable number of whom invariably put in an appearance at the function

GREAT CITIES AT NIGHT

A TRACERY OF FIRE: NOCTURNE AT VERSAILLES

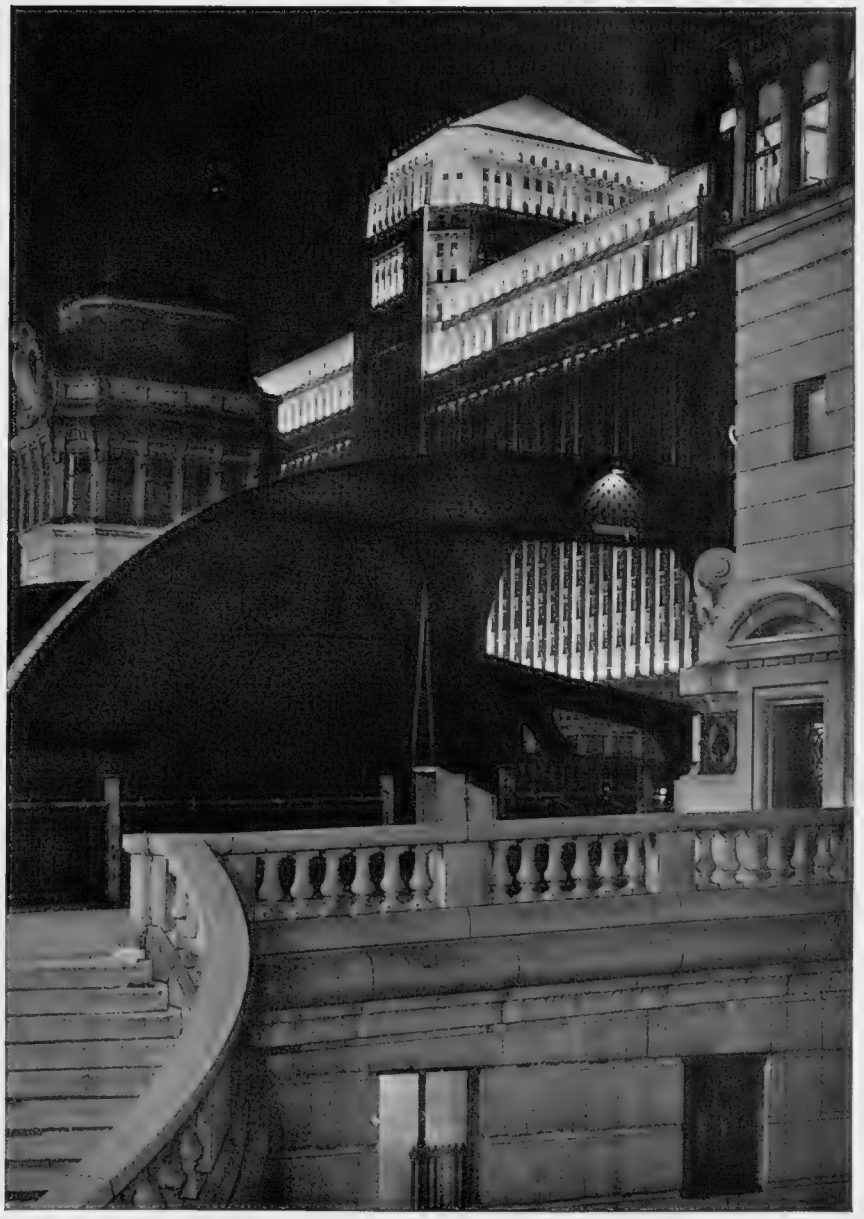
The antique home of French Royalty: Illuminated by the art of pyrotechnicians. No more perfect setting for the brilliant display could be imagined. France has been recently indulging in nightly illuminations of the Capital

CORUSCATION AND SCINTILLATION

The Place de la Concorde, once sacred to the sorrow of France, is now ablaze with triumphant light

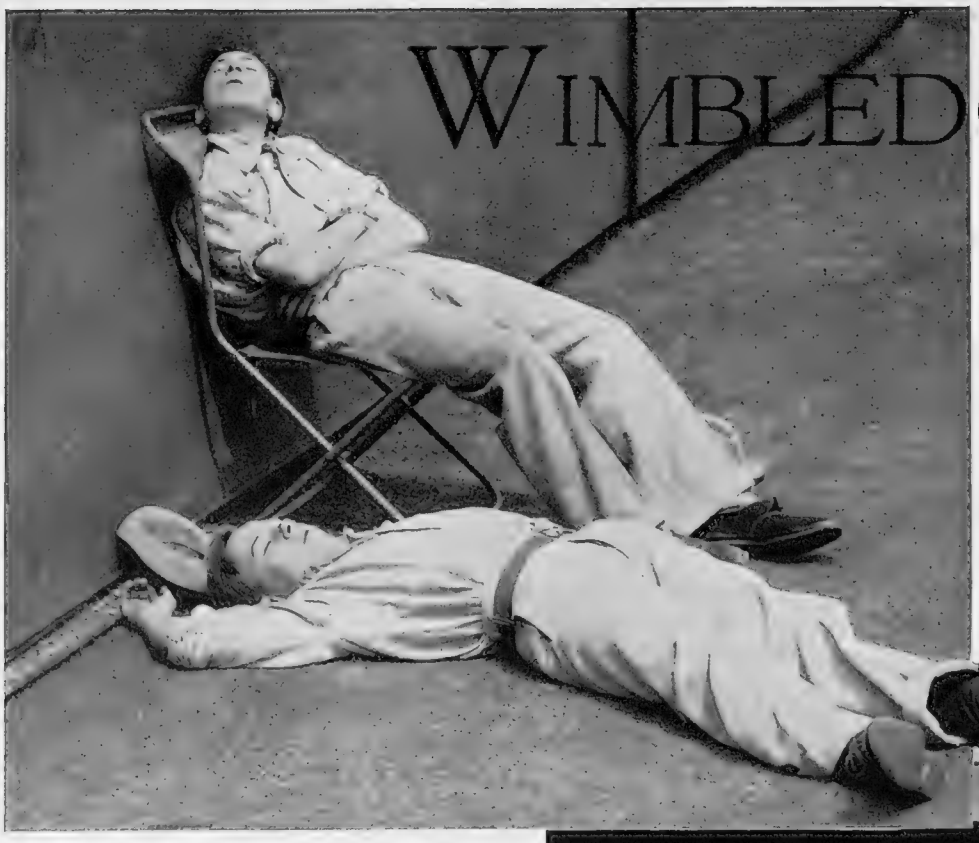
FOUNTAINS AND FIREWORKS

A fairyland of golden rain and dancing spray at Versailles



FLOOD-LIT CHICAGO

The Merchandise Mart Building with the La Salle Street Bridge in the foreground



WIMBLEDON, THE PER

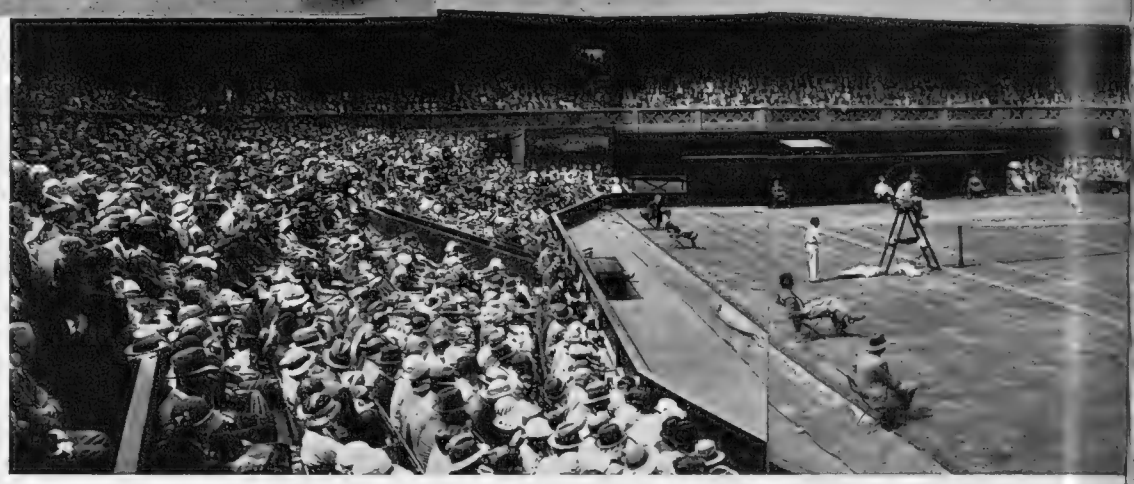
The One Incident in the Season which, Championships, the Inside

By CHARLES

Other people's money is always interesting, so we might perhaps delve into the secret finances of Wimbledon. It is of course impossible to reckon yet what the profits will be from this year's tournament. But last year the net receipts were £29,000 for the fortnight. This year it will be very much more despite the slump. Three years ago no less than £68,000 had to be returned to unsuccessful applicants for centre court seats.

Last year £9,000 out of the profits was spent on that new free stand on No. 2 court, together with the dressing-rooms underneath. The stand holds 650 people, and the dressing-room, with its resident masseur, can be used by fifty-six visiting competitors simultaneously. Not so long ago Wimbledon was distinctly primitive, with one dressing-room for the men and another for the women. Now there are three for the women and two for the men. There are also innumerable cloakrooms, and a rest-room for the umpires, and a new lost property office. This is a very smart affair with so many pigeon-holes that the commissionaires who discover the lost property can have it stored away in the special aperture allotted to each staircase together with a note as to the time it was found.

WIMBLEDON IS OVER and the ball boys take a rest—although certain players contend (usually unjustly) that they do that during matches on hot days! They have to deal with 7,200 odd balls in the fortnight!



THE CENTRE COURT which has seen this year some of the most superb and super-tennis—pre-eminently the Perry other quarter final in which a Briton figured, that between Shields and Austin. Wimbledon has been weather-lucky sion, record attendances have been recorded almost every day

Wimbledon is over. The constables and the stars have departed. The centre court has settled down again to blank emptiness. We have been there in our thousands by motor car, omnibus, motor coach, and train. Some have queued up for hours at a time. Others have passed through in lordly fashion with their centre court tickets. We have had thrills and surprises, cricked necks and strawberries and cream. We have lost umbrellas, grieved at Borotra's early eclipse, watched our friends playing on the more distant courts, asked why Cilly Aussem and Lili de Alvarez did not enter this year, listened to the plunk of the ball against the overstrung rackets, stared at the electric indicators giving the score to the people outside the centre court, heard twenty-three languages spoken, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. All those have been vivid sensations, enabling us not only to reply "Of course" to the hackneyed dinner-time query "did you go to Wimbledon this year?" but to add sapient comments on the play, the looks of the players, and the behaviour of the players. But, English fashion, we have once again taken Wimbledon for granted. We accept the fact that it happens shortly after Ascot and three weeks before Goodwood. Ours not to reason why. Ours but to go and see.

Yet Wimbledon's success is not an annual accident or an annual miracle. It is the climax of a year's hard work and organization. It is this organization which has saved the event from slipping almost out of sight like Wimbledon. It is organization which has caused still more records of attendance to be broken, though county cricket is being swamped by the depression. On the Saturday when the Air Pageant drew 200,000 people, when the Test Match was being played at Lord's, when a hundred and one different sporting fixtures were being held, the previous record of attendance was broken by 1,500. Since then it has been broken again and again.

The man at the back of Wimbledon is Major Larcombe, a regular officer for many years, who has disproved once again the pacifist theory that regular officers are like fish out of water when they leave the Army. Major Larcombe is a Devonshire man, and served for many years with the Royal Guernsey Light Infantry. He is thickset, with a very broad head and horn spectacles. He has held his job for nine years. On Sunday we sat and talked in his office at deserted Wimbledon. A solitary police constable was stationed in the centre court guarding the precious turf. You never know when a lunatic is not going to play tricks. If any of you saw the green canvas sheet which is spread over the centre court he will presumably have thought that the patches were the economic repairing of worn spots. They are nothing of the sort. Last year, just before the Championship, somebody threw corrosive acid over the canvas hoping that it would burn through it and ruin the turf. The effort failed. But only just.

Yes, on Sunday it was a peaceful scene. There was litter everywhere, although two complete lorry loads of debris have been removed every day for the past fortnight. Since then it has taken a dozen men eight hours to clear up the whole place. I was shown the room where the King and Queen have tea. It is just at the back of the Royal box. The sweet peas were still in the vases. Around the walls hang a number of old-time pictures of the first lawn tennis championships. In 1877 the net sagged more than a foot in the centre. A few yards from this room was a long wooden box containing the original rackets, the original balls, and the original net of the first championship. The rackets looked like snow-shoes, and the balls were, so to speak, fossilized.

Nearby was the comfortable room where the members of the All England Lawn Tennis Club can take their ease. It is upholstered in the traditional green and purple. There are three hundred members of the Club. It takes ten years to become a member. Captain Victor Cazalet is one of the latest to join. Prince George is the president. Members have the privilege of access everywhere, as well as two centre court tickets for every day of the tournament. For the rest of the year they can play on all the fifteen outside grass courts and the nine hard courts. It is a great privilege to become a member. Many apply and few are chosen. The entrance fee is only ten guineas, and the annual subscription only eight guineas.

But there are many other calls on the profits. There is the salary of the secretary, the secretary's secretaries, eight groundsmen, three decorators and carpenters, a gate keeper, Maskell, the lawn tennis

A FINAL CUP OF WATER: Borotra refreshes himself during the match with Maier, but to no avail. Even his béret failed to bring him victory

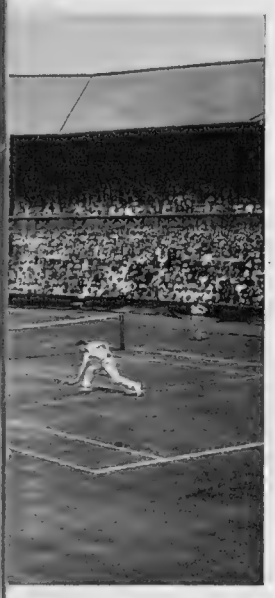
BEFORE—Austin and Shields as they came on to the court before the superb four-set match in which "Bunny" evoked memories of Laurie Doherty

ENNIAL MIRACLE

Year by Year, Increases in Popularity, is the Tennis Organization of which is Described

GRAVES

coach and professional, and all the upkeep of the whole place. The grass seed alone is extremely expensive. It is a curiosity that the centre court at Wimbledon has not been re-turfed for at least ten years. Major Larcombe thinks, unlike his predecessor, that nobody, however expert, can re-turf it so that the surface is exactly level and no possible risk of a ball bouncing falsely can occur. Instead, as soon as there is a break in the weather after the championships, the court is re-sown, usually three or four times—which is far more often than the usual private owner or lawn tennis club can afford. It is said to be extraordinary how, within six weeks time, the centre court and the others which look to-day so sadly beige-coloured, will be once again a verdant green.



Crawford match and the this year and, despite depres-

There are many other burdens which have to be borne out of the £29,000. During the championships there is a temporary staff of nearly seven hundred people. Though many of them are waitresses paid by the catering company which employs them, many others like the constables, inspectors, lost property officials, and commissionaires, turn to the All England Club for payment. Constables, as at the Derby, are paid £1 2s. 6d. a day, while the inspectors receive between £2 and £3. The remaining money, of which there are still a few thousands left, is all docketed. There are two thousand Debenture holders who must be paid interest on their money.

And then the Lawn Tennis Associaton steps in and appropriates the rest for the general improvement of lawn tennis. This is allocated largely to the county associations for the employment of lawn tennis coaches to teach promising young players who could not afford the tuition fees themselves. Over and above all that there is till money left for the costly business of arranging these touring teams of players like those which visited America and the West Indies not long ago. The £29,000 certainly seems to go a long way, when all is considered.

The importance of Wimbledon, financially, and from the angle of prestige, to Great Britain is immense. Mr. Sabelli, the Secretary of the Lawn Tennis Association, estimates that there are at least 500,000 lawn tennis players in this country of whom 200,000 are members of clubs affiliated to the Lawn Tennis Association. These numbers were but one fiftieth before the War. One can also hazard a guess that the lawn tennis industry is worth at least £5,000,000 a year to Great Britain in manufactures. Take tennis-rackets, for example. With the exception of Cilly Aussem last year, who presumably used a German racket, the winners of all the singles and doubles, whether men's, women's, or mixed, in 1930 and 1931 used British rackets. You can take for granted, too, that the firm which supplies the seed for the centre court at Wimbledon has a world-wide sale for it. Tennis flannels and the curious short-sleeved shirts which looked more like singlets and are all the vogue this year, are despatched all over the globe by the firms which make them for the players who compete at Wimbledon. The tennis balls, too, have an international reputation. Incidentally, the number used on an average each year at Wimbledon is 7,200 during the fortnight, and it may interest lawn tennis players to know that they are kept in a refrigerator at the exact temperature of 68 degrees for two hours before play. They are only used for one set, and you can buy them for half-a-guinea or so a dozen afterwards.

AND AFTER—Austin — unruffled — and Shields, "whacked to the wide"—tribute to the potency of Austin's newly-found stamina

The indirect profits from Wimbledon are immense. Taking the actual players you find that 128 men and ninety-six women take part in the singles, and sixty-four pairs for the men, forty-eight pairs for the women, as well as eighty mixed pairs. They come from Australia, Monte Carlo, Poland, Switzerland, the United States, Japan, and even Russia—twenty-three countries in all. To get a proper idea of what this means you must visualize the cost of their fares, their hotels, and all their incidental expenses. In addition you must count the thousands of people who visit London from abroad in order to see the lawn tennis at Wimbledon. Cricket is a native sport. It would not bring half-a-dozen Americans to London. Ascot is too exclusive for all but the few. The Derby is too crowded. But Wimbledon shares with the Grand National the honour of being one of the two sporting events which are most popular abroad.

The reason for its appeal is many-sided. First of all there is the international flavour with the partizanship natural to us all. Secondly, the fact that the spectators are seated well above the main courts makes the game look infinitely faster than it really is. This is an extremely important point. Thirdly, there is all the drama of the play in a game where tempers run unduly high, where mannerisms are worshipped or intensely disliked, where the tension is so great that you can never tell when someone is not going to crack.

The patriotic wish to see one's own countrymen win grows more acute each year in this country as our young players improve. The wish used to be father to the thought that we might possibly win, and if any of our players reached the last eight we were all enchanted. Times have changed. The French menace is getting old. The American menace is getting stale. The day will come when we shall once again hold all the championships, even if we have to wait for Helen Wills to retire altogether before we can make a clean sweep of the cups. I had a long conversation about the players and the spectators with Captain Wakelam who, with Colonel Brand, is entrusted by the B.B.C. with the running commentary at Wimbledon. All of us have seen the programmes which exhort us—

not to applaud during a rally,
not to applaud a double fault,
not to applaud a net cord stroke,
not to confine applause to one competitor.

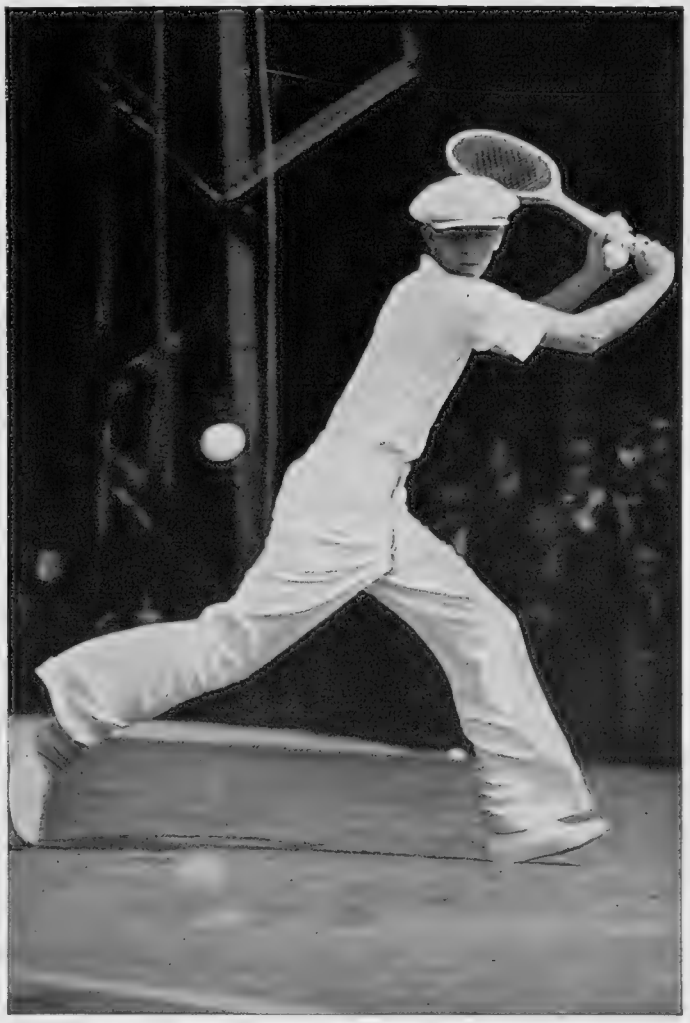
It is a terrible thing, though, that the British, who always pride themselves on being the most sporting nation in the world should be compelled to have these hints given to them publicly. In the case of applause during a rally or for a net cord stroke, only the crassest ignorance would be responsible. But it is ugly to note that spectators have to be asked not to applaud double faults nor to confine their approbation solely to their favourite. Captain Wakelam is quite frank about it.

"I wish," he said, "you would say something about this disgraceful partizanship. When Helen Wills was playing Mrs. Godfree, the crowd naturally applauded the English woman's strokes. But they ought to have the good manners also to applaud a sizzling good shot from her opponent. If sportsmanship means anything, a good shot should be applauded, whoever plays it. In my opinion, this unsporting spirit is largely due to the fact that the majority of the spectators are women, and they have not got a proper sense of fair play."

Captain Wakelam has always had the courage of his convictions. He went on to contrast the play of the women and the men. In his opinion the women competitors are much less likely to lose their nerve and get temperamental than the men. He mentioned instances in the past when leading men players behaved so childishly that they threw their matches away. He also spoke of the totally different mentality which obsessed British players in comparison with foreigners.

"British players, when they take the lead play for safety. The foreigners go just as hard as ever. They never slow up. Look at that centre court match the other day when one of our players was twice within a point of the match. Each time she failed to smash an easy volley, as she would normally have done. She just poked it back—playing for safety. She lost that set and the next and the match. Served her right, too. Speaking generally, the standard of play has been very much higher than in previous years and, thank goodness, our players have not given such disrgaceful exhibitions of bad manners as some of them did last year. You know whom I mean." So do we all.

(Continued on p. 70)



THE CHAMPION OF AMERICA: Ellsworth Vines in his "umbrella hat" playing (for the first time on this visit) like a real champion to defeat Enrique Maier of Spain, who conquered Borotra

LATIN SPORTSMANSHIP: Borotra and Maier after their match. The former made a pleasant speech at the Press luncheon at Wimbledon

NEW GIANTS of the AIR

BRITAIN'S LARGEST FLYING BOAT: The "Short" six-engined military boat aeroplane, seen at Rochester. An all-metal structure, she is designed for long-range bombing and reconnaissance duties by the R.A.F. The power unit is composed of six Rolls-Royce Buzzard III M.S. engines giving a maximum of 5,580 b.h.p.

GIANTS OF BRITAIN AND GERMANY: The Junkers' *G. 38* tons and is driven by four engines housed in the wings. It ha

FOR THE TRANS-AFRICAN ROUTE: *Atalanta*, the first of the specially constructed for use on the 5,500 miles of the tra built by Armstrong-Whitworth, Coventry, and are the lar 'plane is driven by four Armstrong-Siddeley air-cooled engi

In these days, when one of the chief objects of aircraft constructors all over the world seems to be the production of better, brighter, and bigger aeroplanes wherewith to tempt passengers to aerial travel, some people are beginning to wonder whether big aeroplanes are likely to pay and whether there is not a scientific as well as an economic limit to their size. Obviously, there must be both, but nobody yet knows what they are. What we regard as a big aeroplane to-day—say our Imperial Airways' four-engined liners and the German Junkers' *G. 38* and the *Dornier Do X*—may be thought mere light aeroplanes ten or twenty years hence, much as the *Great Eastern* of the middle of the last century would look like a tug-boat alongside our *Berengarias* and *Bremens* of to-day.

Personally, I fancy that the economic, rather than the scientific limit, is going to be the deciding factor. According to some of our leading scientists of twenty years ago, the size of aeroplanes would always be limited by the fact that the weight of the machine must 'increase as the cube of the dimensions." Which was true. If you double the length of the wings and the body you double their weight. If you double their width you double that weight again. And if you double their depth you double it again. And $2 \times 2 \times 2 = 8$ times the weight for a machine twice as big.

But improved design and newly-discovered materials defeat that argument. And instead of clumsy timber spars we have an elegant tracery of high-tensile steel or aluminium alloys which weighs about half as much for twice the size of our elementary aeroplanes. Further developments with beryllium

at Croydon Aerodrome, stated to be the world's largest monoplane land machine, alongside the British Imperial Airways monster *Horatius*. The German 'bus weighs thirty-one s accommodation for thirty-four passengers on two decks. With a full crew, the 'plane carries no fewer than forty-one persons. *Horatius* is flying the new Imperial Airways flag

eight machines of the £150,000 fleet of passenger monoplanes ns-African Imperial Airways route. The machines have been gest passenger machines ever constructed in Britain. Each es, totalling 1,400 h.p. and giving them the speed of 150 m.p.h.

and magnesium will get our weights down still lower. So there is no knowing how big our aeroplanes may grow.

The ultimate limit seems to be the size which best suits the traffic. We run several small ships every day on the cross-Channel services in preference to running one vast ocean liner, not merely because of the small harbours but because people want to travel at different times of the day. And similarly we shall certainly find that a frequent service of comparatively small aeroplanes will be a better commercial proposition than an infrequent service of large machines. When air travel becomes cheap and popular, people will demand a service which will take them when they want to go, just like our tube trains and buses, not like our main-line expresses and steam-boats which go when the management think fit.

A year or two ago my enterprising friend Mr. Ludington of Philadelphia started an air-line between Washington and New York with the slogan "Every hour, on the hour." At first few people travelled. To-day he is running machines which carry twelve passengers apiece, and he finds that in the early hours of the morning one machine is enough. But in the middle of the day he has had sometimes to start off eight machines, all within a few seconds of one another, as the hourly service.

This multiplication of small units is just like our tube trains which consist of three or four coaches in the slack hours and run up to eight car trains in the rush hours. And it is obviously more economical than using small aeroplanes at certain hours and big aeroplanes at others, because it allows perfect standardisation.

C. G. Grey

BUILT ON THE MODEL OF A BIRD: The second edition of the famous rubber glider of Washington, D.C. The glider is fashioned on the model of a gannet. The flappers are to be used to endeavour to maintain flight by men-power after launching. The tubes are pumped up with air to motor-tyre pressure. The pilot sits inside the tubing forming the body; the structure will be covered with fabric

THE WORLD OF ART

Canvases on Exhibition in London and New York, and a notable Sale at Christie's

KENILWORTH CASTLE, EVENING

A delightfully "atmospheric" canvas by John Glover (about 1810) on exhibition at the Cotswold Gallery

INTERIOR OF ST. EUSTACHE, PARIS

A remarkable devotional effort by J. Scarlett Davis at the Cotswold Gallery

ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL

Painted by John Varley, 1832–3. The canvas is on view at the Cotswold Gallery's Exhibition of the English School of Landscape

LATE SUMMER

Courtesy of Alex Reid and Lefevre, Ltd. The fashionable flower painting has a fine exponent in Kathleen Murray now exhibiting in King St., St. James's

UNDER THE HAMMER: A Henry VIII table desk sold at Christie's last Thursday. The interior of the box is covered in leather, and decorated in colours and gilding; the outer cover, with circular interlaced strapwork, enclosing the Heraldic Badges of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon, the Portcullis, the Tudor Rose, the Impaled Rose and Pomegranate, the Fleur-de-Lys, the Castle, the Cypher H. R., and the Sheaf of Arrows

DANCERS PRACTISING AT THE BAR

A charming study by Edgar Degas in the H.O. Havemeyer Collection has just been acquired by the (New York) Metropolitan Museum of Art

BOOKS:

Verlaine, the Lily of the Dunghill: Leonardo, the Over-rated: Historical Fiction: An Autobiographical "Discovery"

By CECIL ROBERTS

The preparations for Henley Regatta this year have taken place in ideal weather. My reading, in a punt tied to the Berkshire bank, has been constantly interrupted by the passing of crews at practice, and for the first time in my life I realize that an English regatta, given sunshine, may capture a little of that gaiety and colour which are the life and soul of Continental regattas. For I know of nothing so boring as those long intervals between the coming up of crews, the dismal sweep of water, the grim pic-nic in a punt, with a nipping wind and my lady's constant apprehension that a downpour is going to ruin her latest model. The regattas that stand forth in my mind are those, *par excellence*, of Venice. How often have I hung over a Venetian balcony, and looked down upon a sea of black gondolas, draped with carpets and shawls, heard the tim-timming of guitars, the strident Italian voices, and awaited that supreme moment when the magnificent State barge, manned by gondoliers in *cinquecento* costume, glide by with a cohort of banners, bearing its distinguished guest to the Piazza San Marco. And at night, down the illuminated Grand Canal, came the floating orchestra with its singers, and the open-air opera that had started at the station, with its drifting audience behind, was nicely timed to be concluded at the mouth of the Grand Canal. There is no other regatta in the world to be compared with this.

But given sunshine, with the green woods around, with the white Temple shining at the end of the course, with the lovely lawns of Phyllis Court, the beautiful old bridge, and its towered church, Henley Regatta has its own particular charm. The river has suddenly sprung into multitudinous life, and with one touch of sunshine the English want no further excuse to burst into an Italianate expression of colour.

So it happens that my reading is interrupted as an electric canoe glides by with its freight of lovely *signorinas*, who might be en route to the fête in Titian's garden. Alas, one of them was nearly the cause of the death of Verlaine. Turning to have a second look at her, I knocked over *Poet Under Saturn* by Marcel Coulon (Toulmin. 10s. 6d.). The book went with a splash overboard, and began to float downstream. A tethered punt is not quickly undone, and how long would Verlaine float? This alcoholic poet had always shown a horror of water. There was nothing for it. I went overboard and swam to his rescue, at the cost of my attire. Fortunately the sun was hot, so Verlaine, trousers, and shirt put out to dry at the end of the punt were soon in a respectable condition again.

I cannot help thinking, after reading this book, that the best thing for Verlaine would have been to have let him drown. Can a few exquisite verses justify his scabrous life? The more he is written about the worse he becomes, and if ever there was an example of the theory that genius is disease, here it is. I do not allude so much to his physical aberrations as to his positive enjoyment of squalor, filth, and degradation. This is an interesting book, if one can stomach the history of an utter degenerate, but M. Coulon has the most irritating way of writing. All his sentences turn in on themselves, and often the meaning is cluttered up with psychological jargon, Freud's legacy to the muddled thinkers of the world. "We have to estimate the force of a sensuality which made itself felt, even in the first poems, suggesting under their delicate, etherealised form, more material, psychological characteristics." Does this mean anything at all? Nevertheless, M. Coulon has given us a frank, and therefore disgusting portrait of the poet. Contemplating the personal history revealed, one is reminded of a beautiful exotic flower springing from a bed of manure. I suppose an analysis of the flower entails an analysis of the manure. I felt the open-air and the river were the right atmosphere for this book; one wants a lot of air and clean water around.

Freud has crept into Mr. Clifford Bax's delightful study, *Leonardo da Vinci* (Davies 5s.), but Mr. Bax keeps Freud in his place, and is not prepared to accept all the nonsense written in the name of psychology. What is very delightful about this short study is the expression of his own personal opinion that escapes from Mr. Bax. Thus, speaking of da Vinci's extraordinary reputation, considering the small amount of work he accomplished, Mr. Bax says—"It is quite clear, by this time, he possessed that mysterious gift for extracting the maximum of reputation from a minimum of achievement which, in our day, we associate with so many Irish authors." One almost cries "Names, please!"

I am glad to see he pays generous tribute to that masterpiece, *Leonardo the Florentine*, by Rachel Annand Taylor, one of the grandest books of our age. Mrs. Taylor has given us a study of the great Leonardo which is not likely to be surpassed, and this little book by Mr. Bax should serve to whet the appetite for her masterpiece. I am not sure that Mr. Bax is altogether in love with his subject.

"He must have had one of those clear, pleasant but unadaptable personalities who hypnotise people into fancying that a man's work is even more marvellous than it is; the type of personality, like Rossetti's or Bernard Shaw's, which while it is present in the world, often evokes a blind idolatry."

All this encourages me to a confession. Like thousands of my kind, the first time I was in Milan I rushed off to the Brera to gaze in rapture on *The Last Supper*. But the rapture rapidly wilted before this, to me, miserable array of puppets. Could this be the picture the whole world held in such breathless reverence? I have to this day a feeling that the picture owes its reputation to the fact that it is fading out of existence. When it no longer exists its reputation will probably be greatest.

In matters of this kind I am a heretic, the prostration of my fellows leaves me stiff-necked, and I suspect Mr. Bax of similar obstinacy. He recalls with malicious delight the story of Dr. Bode, who, in 1911, in an English studio, saw a bust of a lady, bought it, and insisted that it was a lost work of the great Leonardo. Finally the work was x-rayed and a mid-Victorian waistcoat was revealed inside the bust. Without that waistcoat the bust would have been worth a king's ransom, and the world's art critics would have worshipped in awe.

Mr. Bax is very gloomy about the future of art. He thinks the age has gone beyond it, that it no longer matters, as also poetry—"three or four hundred years hence poetry, like rattles and toothcorals, will be found only in State homes for incubated infants." It explains, asserts Mr. Bax, da Vinci's early neglect of art for science. He saw that art had come to the end of its tether, that everything that could be done on canvas had been done. Galleries of modern art confirm me in this opinion.

"The arts, in a word," says Mr. Bax, "belong to an earlier phase of human society, to a level of the mind which is now becoming archaic. They are vestigial, and those of us who still care more for a picture than for a motor car, for a book of poems than for a double-barrelled gun, are survivors of a bygone stage in human development."

We are still in the times of da Vinci with Mr. Wallace B. Nichols' new novel *Torryzany* (Ward Lock, 7s. 6d.). In this book he follows up his other historical romance, *A Wonder for Wise Men*, although this story is quite independent. The present volume exhibits the same poetic gift of reconstruction of a vivid period in history. In this novel the scene is not confined to England but moves between this country, Italy, and Spain.

Elliott Fry

MR. CECIL HEADLAM, who has been presented with the Gold Medal of the Royal Empire Society for his book *The Milner Papers*

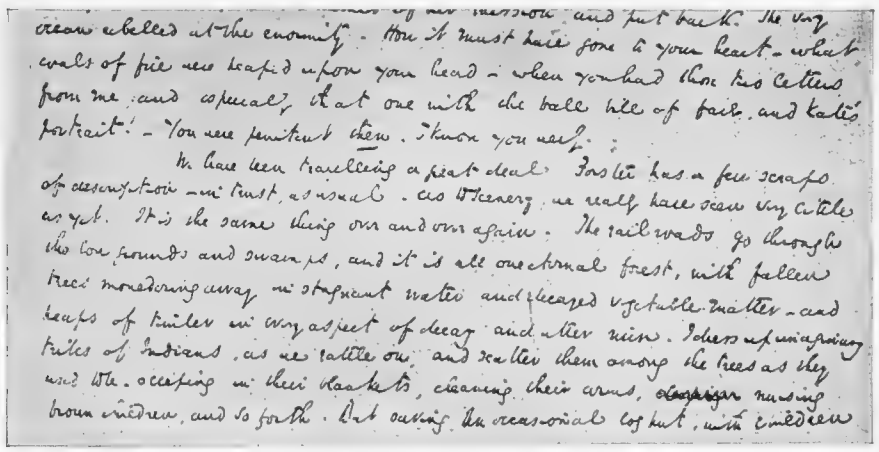
MISS GRACE E. THOMPSON, the author of *The Cyprian*, published last month by Hutchinson

The story deals with Pietro Torrigiano, the Italian sculptor, a contemporary of Leonardo, who made the tomb of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Nichols opens his stirring story at the camp of Cesare Borgia at Sinigaglia. Torrigiano's acquaintance with Sir Edmund Northiam, in the service of the Venetian Republic, results in a journey to England, under English patronage. The period of Henry Tudor is most richly evoked by Mr. Nichols. I cannot see why the historical novel, when it is so vividly written as this one, should suffer disparagement as a form of art. History and fiction are livingly interwoven in a canvas of fresh beauty, and I find more cause for excitement and suspense in the fate of these figures in a changeful period of English history than ever I do in the strained originality of the puppets of much modern fiction.

The Discovery of Europe by Paul Cohen-Portheim (Duckworth. 10s. 6d.) is not really a discovery at all but an autobiography in which the author discovers himself . . . . . He has lived in many capitals, and, possessing that gift of tongues and multiple relations which is the birthright of Jewish families, he has the means of comparison at his command. But I would not be ready to accept Mr. Portheim's estimate of society. He has seen it only in one stratum, and that neither exclusive nor representative. His story holds one because of his extreme intelligence and his ability to dramatize trivial incidents. The book loses force in its attempt to be too cosmopolitan. Mr. Portheim sets out to cover the whole of Europe, and he is too ready to generalize about countries, *e.g.* Scandinavia, of which obviously he has the most superficial knowledge. Nevertheless, Mr. Portheim's book is one to read. He has a cultured mind, ready expression, and the journalist's quick eye for indicative trends of thought and action.

The contents of *These Moderns* by F. R. Ribadeau Dumas (Toulmin. 7s. 6d.), will not be very intelligible to English readers who are not acquainted with modern French writers. The book is a collection of prose sketches, with admirable portraits of Maurois, Morand, Colette, Cocteau, and others. All the studies are extravagantly appreciative; even Maurice Dekobra is taken seriously. We meet him in his Paris flat, which is a submarine, a yacht, and a Fullman. The submarine is the bar, the yacht is the bedroom, the gangway a library, and the bed is operated by a mechanism that causes it to swing. We leave Dekobra sitting in a room between a babenké fetish, an Egyptian scarabæus, and a kakris dagger. Somehow his books read like that. It is a shock to learn that Colette has flaming red hair. I had imagined her to be petite and dark.

If you are a Lewis Carroll admirer you cannot afford to miss the centenary exhibition of his work which is now open at the Old Court House, Oxford Street, Messrs. Bumpus's bookshop. This is a magnificent collection, to which all owners of Carroll manuscripts have contributed. There was a gathering of literary notabilities at the opening, when Sir Gerald Du Maurier, Mr. J. C. Squire, and Mrs. Hargreaves, the original of Alice, were present and spoke. Tremendous patience and industry have been shown in the gathering together of all these exhibits, and Mr. Wilson, of Messrs. Bumpus, is to be congratulated on such a Carollian feast.



A DICKENS TREASURE: An important letter from the great Victorian novelist to Maclise, dated from Baltimore, March 22, 1842, which was sold at Sothebys a few days ago for £112. Some of the lines read:

"From the depths of the Far West, whither we are now going—from the heights of the Alleghany Mountains we are about to ascend—from the cabin of the Canal boat in which we embark—from the surface of the Lakes we have yet to traverse—and amid the silence of the broad Prairies we shall shortly cross—my voice shall be heard cursing the Academy. I will call down imprecations on the head of Martin Archer Shee from the solitudes where the Indians used to roam, and from which the white man has driven everything but the red sun. Dickens proceeds to describe the leagues of rotting forest through which he passed and the way in which souvenir hunters plucked tabs of fur from his overcoat

ILLUSION: Mr. Cecil Humphreys as the Djinn and Mr. Clifford Mollison as the hero in a spectacular "flying" scene from the Wylified Anstey fantasy at the Hippodrome

PLAYS:

Miss Edith Evans Scores a Triumph: A not very Amusing or Plausible Farce: A Sunday Richard II who should be Seen on Week-days

By PHILIP PAGE

Mr. Stafford Dickens, the author of *Intimate Relations*, in watching which I spent an atmospherically warm evening at the Little Theatre, must have met some singularly amicable leading ladies of revue and musical comedy in his day. The heroine of his little play is an actress in this line of business who rescues from the clutches of a married woman an embarrassed bachelor who calls upon her at 11 a.m. The man is a total stranger to her and she consents at once to let the rest of the world think that she is his mistress.

I can imagine—or, more correctly, I cannot imagine, for my ability to picture nightmarish impossibilities is limited—what any of those young ladies who reign over our lighter stage with a dragon-like array of virtue would have said to such a proposition. The care with which association with even an old acquaintance is so managed that the world shall think it paternal, fraternal, or sisterly, according to age and habits, is one of the most striking instances of conscientiousness in the strenuous job of being an actress of photograph value.

These sirens may pretend to be virtuous and it is possible that in some cases it is pretence only. But that anyone of them should pretend, without any form of interest or consideration, to be unvirtuous is inconceivable. I am aware that one should not analyse too closely the probabilities of farce. Yet the improbability must have humour about it. The situation I have quoted was funny neither in essence nor in treatment.

If five minutes of joyous comedy can save a play, *Intimate Relations* was not produced in vain. A game of bridge in Act III between married man in love with actress, bachelor in love with actress, actress and married woman in love with bachelor was most amusing. I will not say it was worth the whole of the rest of the play put together (and rather clumsily put together, too), for it was worth much more than that.

During that happy interlude we were relieved from rather bustling attempts at conjugal infidelity, and the appearance of a Captain Costigan-like father of the actress—a figure which was at any rate Thackerayan.

Impropriety, if any, was soon dissolved into a sentimental love affair, the actress's visitor falling in love with her and she with him. Mr. Melville Cooper made the lover's embarrassment sufficiently comic, and gave an extremely good performance in none too easy circumstances. Miss Rita Page was sprightly and pungent as the actress, but needs a little more experience for the more emotional moments.

Mr. Evan Thomas and Miss Sylvia Leslie as a country squire and his wife, with a pleasant house and a cordial loathing for each other, helped out a not very convincing evening.

A play is not necessarily uninteresting or unworthy of notice because it is given an isolated performance on a Sunday night (and, as if to increase the natural prejudice against it, on a fine and sunny one at that). But *Richard of Bordeaux* will, I think, survive its New Theatre debut and be seen in due course trying to secure a long run and probably succeeding.

And if it is said, as was said of this play, that the tragical-historical has never enjoyed a long run yet, I would quote *Saint Joan* and Tree's production of *Henry VIII*.

Mr. Gordon Daviot has written a play round the unhappy monarch we know as Richard II, and those who wonder how Bordeaux comes into it had better buy or borrow a history book. Indeed, they had better do that in any case, since without a working knowledge of Richard's life and reign this play is difficult to understand. That, of course, is one of its faults; for it should be possible to follow a play's trend and its meaning without a spot of "home-work" as either a preliminary or a sequel. Shakespeare's *Richard II*, though comparison is necessary and even inevitable, will not help much.

Richard was not a self-pitying nincompoop at any time of his career. His dandyism did not (this is probable but not certain) spring from the causes which brought Edward II to a similar doom. Indeed, his passionate love for his wife and the deterioration in his character caused by her death were the salient points of this king.

Mr. Daviot, following the Shavian system of making historical personages talk like human beings and not like poets—good or bad, according to the status of the dramatist dealing with them—has written, for all its looseness of constitution, an historical drama of singular strength and originality. Mr. John Gielgud seemed to be longing at times to get his teeth into a piece of poetic declamation, but his Richard was an arresting figure. Ann of Bohemia, his queen, formed another of Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies's portraits. The portraits have a strong family likeness, but I never fail to delight in the inspection.

It has been stated several times, and of late in connection with *Evensong* at the Queen's Theatre, that an adaptation from a novel never in any circumstances makes a good play. A pretty rash statement. An essential point is a skilled man to do the adaptation, and at this job Mr. Edward Knoblock is the acknowledged master. But even Mr. Knoblock must have material which has dramatic possibilities, and not all novels, not even all good novels, are thus blessed.

Mr. Beverley Nichols's book, *Evensong*, was not only a clever and readable piece of work but marks one of the most curious literary coincidences of all time. For Mr. Nichols was the secretary of the late Dame Nellie Melba. *Evensong* is all about a world-famous prima donna in the last years of her career, and Mr. Nichols has given the assurance, which, of course must be unreservedly accepted, that his book has no shred of a connection with Dame Nellie and that it is in no sense photographic. So every thing in the Covent Garden is lovely.

But is it Covent Garden that we see in the second act of *Evensong?* It must obviously be an English opera house, just as Madame Irela, the aged heroine, is an English singer. But here is a green-room with a behind-the-scenes party in progress. And at Covent Garden there is no green-room, and parties are not given in the theatre while the opera season is in progress. Nor does one prima donna wander about the dressing-room passages on a night when another prima donna is singing. Nor do Socialistic Austrian ex-Archdukes, bedecked with orders and decorations, turn up to pay court to famous singers and propose to them outside their dressing-room door. At least, I do not think they do. But then, Mr. Nichols is probably purposely refraining from being photographic.

However, that fuss in the green-room with red walls was the only scene in which things really happened. The entrance of the fading star when the rising star is being fêted, the acceptance of the socialistic ex-Archduke's offer of marriage, the determination to keep on with her work in order to spite a rival, and the paralytic stroke just before the fall of the curtain—all that is first-class theatre. Whether Mr. Knoblock or Mr. Nichols is primarily responsible for that scene it is an excellent one. But it shows up the other as disappointingly undramatic. The greater portion of the play is, in fact, a solo performance, a brilliant cadenza for the recitalist. Substitute a great pianist for a great singer, and *Evensong* might well be compared to a piano concerto with an enormous cadenza in every movement and the orchestra sitting idly by watching the tricks.

But in the hands of Miss Edith Evans what tricks they are! Miss Evans plays Madame Irela in the grand tradition of Bernhardt and the immortal ones. It is a flamboyant character and admits of no narrow style. This fine actress has done many fine things, but none finer than this. She shows us one who is at basis an unhappy woman because the limelight of publicity has meant more to her than anything else in this world or the next, and will continue the all-important object right to the end. Miss Evans, with true genius, brings to the fore the pathos of the hard, selfish, conceited woman, whom, with these faults, and many others, we admire because she has humour, vitality, streaks of generosity, as well as pettiness, and, above all, "guts"—there is no other word. This is a performance which should draw all London for months, even if *Evensong* were a far inferior play. Miss Evans makes one forget its lack of almost everything, apart from that electric central figure, a play should possess.

The members of that little-used orchestra who deserve commendation with such limited opportunities are Miss Violet Vanbrugh—exquisite in poise and dignity as an Austrian princess. Mr. Frederic Leister (a few weeks ago the Emperor Francis Josef at the Coliseum) also Austrian and dignified. Miss Joan Harben, a delicious ingénue, with brains as well as beauty, and Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, who has a strange knack of making me remember every moment of every part he ever plays.

MLLE MARCELLE ROGEZ who adds a note of beauty to the nightingale sketch in *Fanfare* at the Prince Edward Theatre. The costumes are of the Winterhalter period

A GORGEOUS HISTORY of the MODERN MOVEMENT : : on the STAGES of EUROPE and AMERICA : :

THE SUMPTUOUSNESS OF JEAN HUGO: Of all the costume designs recorded in this history of the modern stage, those of Jean Hugo stand out as the most satisfying in the realms of the splendid. These designs were for a production of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Soirées de Paris, Théâtre de la Cigale, Paris, in 1924. Modern skill and imagination suffuse the historic garb of the Montagues and Capulets

YVES ALIX'S DESIGNS FOR *LE MENTEUR*: These more stylized designs were made by Yves Alix for a production of Corneille's *Le Menteur* at the Théâtre du Marais, Brussels in 1923. The play was produced by J. Delacre

MORE REALISTIC WORK BY LASKE for a production of *The Servant with Two Masters* (Goldoni) at the Theater an der Josefstadt, Vienna, in 1927. Though these drawings have a more realistic touch than the others on this page, the whole production was modern in feeling. Max Reinhardt was the producer

These examples of the work of designers who have contributed to the modern movement in the theatre are taken from one of the most sumptuously-produced volumes which have been produced in recent years. The volume is from the house of Messrs. B. T. Batsford, Ltd., and is by Léon Moussinac. The title, *The New Movement in the Theatre*, sufficiently explains its nature, but for the joy of its actual production and its wealth of colour, the volume itself must be seen and handled. It is enclosed in a gelatine wrapper of a cunningness which must make other publishers jealous. The scope of the volume is the post-War period, beginning with Cocteau's Parade in 1917

"MEN OF STEEL"

A British Film Based on British Industry

MR. JOHN STUART in his make-up as a worker who invents a new steel process. The film, now under production at Walton, is arousing much interest, especially in the North

ON THE ROOF OF A BLAST FURNACE: A remarkable view taken on the summit of a 90 ft. structure at Dorman, Long's Middlesborough works. The furnace is fed with coke, ironstone, and limestone, and is tapped every four hours, yielding 300-400 tons of molten iron every day. Mr. John Stuart and Miss Benita Hume, two of the stars in *Men of Steel* the technical shots of which were filmed at this great works, appear on right

THE EXPERIMENT by which Mr. John Stuart perfects his new type of steel in the novel talkie made by Langham Productions

TAPPING—a spectacular operation whereby molten metal is run into a 60-ton ladle from the great blast furnace at Middlesborough

MOLTEN STEEL being "tapped" from the blast furnace into a 60-ton ladle—a scene from actual life in Dorman, Long's Middlesborough factory incorporated in Langham Productions new venture, *Men of Steel*

For the first time in British film history has full advantage been taken of the dramatic possibilities of some of our own great industries, in the new British Film, *Men of Steel*, just completed by a British film company, Langham Productions. Staged in the vast works of Dorman, Long's of Middlesborough, the largest steel works in the country, famous as the constructors of Sydney Bridge, scenes were taken before the steel furnaces which bubbled and boiled in liquid heat, later being "tapped" in a river of fire into a gigantic sixty-ton "ladle." This was next poured into iron moulds to form red hot "ingots" which were taken to the rolling mills to be rolled out into great girders and cut like paper. Inside the thousand foot long shed, lined on one side by blazing furnaces and down the centre of which rode the steel furnace "charger," men worked ceaselessly, as on them shone the strange blue-white light from the studio arc lamps.

Beside them scenes were "shot" of film heroes garbed as themselves, in asbestos suits, dark blue glasses, while before their entranced gaze a film romance was enacted. The movement of the marvellously intricate machinery, the skilled handling of blazing steel accompanied with showers of sparks, as it falls into the ladle, the tracery of steel in the high ceilings, the incessant accompaniment of grinding noise and clangour of monster cranes complete a spectacle of amazing grandeur and impressive power, before which the most ingenious "prop" of the most magnificently equipped studio pales into insignificance.

MR. JOHN STUART AND MR. FRANKLYN DYALL in character

POISE:

A Much Desired Quality Attained only by Few

POISE

A Scandinavian maiden waves the banner of youth on the banks of a fjord

THE RAINBOW

Miss Georgia Graves rehearses near Lucerne

Inset

LIKE SWALLOWS ON THE WING

Facing the breeze on the Kentish sands

DANCING TO THE MUSIC OF THE WAVES

A group of eurythmic dancers recreate a classic frieze on the shore at Hornsea

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

Every year to the firing of guns and pealing of bells, the drama of the "Meistertrunk" is given. The scene is set in the old town hall of Rothenburg on the Tauber, whose wooden ceilings, ancient pictures, and stone sculptures of the Last Judgment form a background to a play of strife and victory from the annals of the Town which Time Forgot.

THE IMPERIAL EAGLE still spreads its wings on the Koboldzeller Gateway of Rothenburg on the Tauber. The ancient arms harmonize with the ancient transport

IN THE YORKSHIRE DALES: The diversified character of Yorkshire as a county is exemplified in its rivers. The Tees is in its upper waters a picturesque tumbling hill-stream, having its source high up on Cross Fell in the main back-bone ridge of Northern England. It cares only for beauty, gliding by stony beds or deep pools to pitch itself in foaming whiteness over a rocky fall. Here at Middleton in Teesdale the Tees is falling over a columnar shelf. Gaining volume, it reaches Barnard Castle. Freeing itself from the hills, it flows through winding channels to Stockton, where it becomes a river with industry as its compelling motive. The upper waters can be reached by L.N.E.R. at Middleton or at Barnard Castle

A TOWN BY TIME FORGOT

The Beauty of Rothenburg Described by H. A. J. LAMB

History relates that early in the seventeenth century the town was besieged by Tilly in command of the Catholic League forces. He eventually forced an entrance to plunder and pillage, ordering all the town councillors to be hanged. To appease his anger, the State beaker was produced—an immense glass tankard holding a gallon of the finest wine procurable. The fact that none of his staff seemed able to make much impression on its contents amused Tilly, who undertook to spare the lives of the condemned and deal generously with the inhabitants if one among them could empty it at a draught. An ex-burgomaster, Nusch, stepped forward. Raising the brimming vessel to his lips, he drank until a full measure was consumed. His act brought him senseless to the ground but won the enemy's respect, and so a promise was fulfilled.

Meanwhile, on the cobbles of the market place outside, the lads and lassies, in old-time costume, give vent to gladness in the "Schäfertanz."

Rothenburg is justly proud of its past, for here in the tenth century a German Emperor held court, and for the next 400 years it was much favoured by Royal households. Standing on a plateau, overlooking the Tauber far below, it occupies a very commanding position. An ancient two-storeyed bridge, reminding one of the famous Pont du Gard in the Rhône Valley, spans its winding waters. More prosaic is the approach by rail from Würzburg, for the station is ringed with eyesores of modern progress, which for their very ugliness appear to be banished from within the walls—warehouses, factories, and garages.

What a contrast, on passing through the Roder Gate, whose tower of massive strength straddles the encircling ramparts of the town. Walls which were built in the Middle Ages, thick enough for two men-at-arms to pass abreast, and crowned with low galleries and pantiled roofs. Leaning this way and that, the narrow cobbled streets are lined with the most picturesque old houses imaginable.

Indeed, the fascination of Rothenburg to-day lies in the old-world charm of its rambling streets. Its quaint signs, picturesque fountains, and the disguise of anything likely to create a jarring note. Telegraph wires are concealed as much as possible and many of the tradespeople rely on some queer picture to advertise their wares. The butcher's shop with its oddly-painted pigs is far more attractive than one with a window full of gory corpses and strings of sausages.

THE GALLERY that runs round a portion of the ancient walls of Rothenburg. The note of modernity rings alien in this town by time forgot, although it can be heard

The ox-cart ambling through the streets strikes perfect harmony and it is not until the hooting of the motor-bus, laden with tourists doing a "Rundfahrt," to the accompaniment of a gutteral voiced guide, is the picture destroyed.

From the top of the Rathaus, or Town Hall, an imposing Renaissance building, replacing that which fire destroyed, is to enjoy a view well worth the climb. From here can best be appreciated the rambling intricacies of the town and the beauties of the country beyond. A guide will conduct you if you wish, and will amusingly demonstrate the perfect workmanship of the stone staircase by letting pieces of stick slide down the moulded groove of the spiral handrail.

The interior, except for the fine lines of its arcading, is dull, owing to the similarity in colour of its walls and paving. The former, except for notices forbidding spitting, are severely bare. The altar, however, is enriched by one of the finest triptyches in Germany; the leaves on both sides being covered with paintings. The side altars are the work of Riemenschneider, the famous wood carver of Würzburg, whose industry was extraordinary. Another fine example of his skill is to be seen at Detwang, a short and very pleasant walk along the river.

Only two examples of the oldest type of dwelling-house exist to-day, tucked away from inquisitive eyes off the Herrenstrasse. One more accessible stands outside the walls, and goes by the name of Toppler's Castle. Its closely barred windows and isolated position made it undoubtedly a difficult problem to attack in the days when men defended their homes in medieval history.

Before leaving this town, to which the passing of time adds mellowness rather than progress, take a look at it from across the valley under the rays of the setting sun, and see if its name Rothenburg—Red Castle is not due to the spectacle of enchantment it presents.

THE SCHÄFERTANZ in progress in the market-place. The old shepherds' dances are held on the cobbles during the summer

THE LURE OF THE YORKSHIRE COAST: This striking cliff ending in such a determined bluff is at Staithes, one of the most picturesque of Yorkshire fishing villages. A little stream, the Rousby Beck, comes down to the sea. All the way along this coast, which here trends S.E., are picturesque bays and headlands. Runswick Bay has much to delight the artist and the holiday-maker with a love for boats and boating. A little farther on are Sandsend and Whitby. Another little beck meets the sea at Sandsend flowing through wooded gullies to the beach. High moorland country can be reached easily from any of these seaside villages. Whitby is a useful town centre with a busy harbour and famous Abbey ruins

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

AT THE SHRINE OF ST. MATURIN

The Little-known Beauties of Larchant Described and Illustrated by HAROLD NELSON

It is safe to say that of the thousands of tourists who annually make their way southwards from Paris, few, if any, have ever heard of Larchant.

Yet Larchant inherits indeed a glorious past; for centuries, kings, prelates, and a countless stream of pilgrims resorted thither from all over Europe to do homage at the shrine of Saint Maturin in the magnificent church dedicated to his honour in the twelfth century, and reputed to possess miraculous powers of healing, especially for those afflicted with evil spirits.

LA VIEILLE MAISON, once a hostel for noble pilgrims, is the second oldest building in Larchant. It still retains its original stone floors and round arched dorways

The Church, though shorn of its ancient splendour and sadly scarred by the ravages of fire, storm and pillage, still retains in the simple dignity of its outlines something of its former grandeur. The village is small and compactly built on an oval plan, and was once strongly walled and fortified. It lies on the bed rock, just under the lip of a wide shallow basin on the outer fringe of the forest of Fontainebleau, about fifty miles south of Paris. The nearest railway station is eight kilometres away at Nemours, an interesting old market town well worth a visit.

The inhabitants of Larchant, descendants of a long line of hardy forbears, equally at home with sword or flail, are a grave-faced, hardworking, and thrifty race, strenuously engrossed in agriculture, many of them farming their own land. With its single small hotel Larchant is in no sense a haunt of pleasure-seekers, and in these modern days has few attractions to offer save the remains of its glorious church and a few ancient houses, such as la Vieille Maison with high pitched roof, once a hostel for pilgrims, and still retaining its original stone floors, wide fireplaces, and round arched doorways; and the Chapitre, half-farm, half-fortress, crowning the rocky ridge that forms the southern rampart of the village.

As the name implies, the Chapitre was originally Church property and played an active part in those stirring times when armed invaders broke through the defences, pillaged the shrines, set fire to the Church, and put many of the doughty defenders to the edge of the sword.

These are practically the only buildings to survive the great fire which nearly wiped the village out of existence in the seventeenth century.

Approaching Larchant across the windy spaces of the "Plain," the village lies entirely concealed, till an abrupt turn in the road which drops steeply just before it skirts the massive bulk of the Chapitre, brings the village into view.

And what a picture of unexpected beauty it made as I saw it for the first time on a hot August day.

The Church, an imposing mass of silver-grey masonry opalescent in the afternoon sunlight, seemed to brood like a guardian-angel above the welter of warm red-tiled farmhouses clustered in medieval fashion close up to the walls; each farm in its snug tree-lined courtyard, and looking very tiny by comparison; the entire village ringed with fruit trees, following the line of the original fortifications.

Such was the scene, and how charmingly set in the landscape!

THE CHURCH OF ST. MATURIN, which was begun in the thirteenth and finished in the sixteenth century. It towers 192 ft, being only 20 ft. lower than the tower of Notre Dame

To the west the ground sloping gently upwards and bounded by a series of bold rocky summits barely concealed by rounded masses of foliage; and to the north toward Fontainebleau, thick plantations of young trees stretching in long parallel belts of every shade of green edged with gold, merging on the horizon into pure blue, marking the confines of the forest.

Larchant is not entirely dependent on agriculture for its prosperity; the neighbourhood is rich in silicious rocks and a certain amount of quarrying goes on continuously, and the carts deeply laden with the fine white sand and drawn by massive black horses are a conspicuous feature on the road from Larchant to Nemours. The best of the sand goes to Belgium for use in making fine glass and the rest forms the gritty constituent of various "cleansers."

The district for miles round is noted for its remarkable rock formations; gigantic rocks piled in picturesque confusion extend in all directions, thickly overgrown with a forest of larch and pine.

Many of the boulders bear a fantastic resemblance to giant human skulls, squatting reptiles, and other nightmare monsters.

One can ramble for hours in the pine-scented solitude, threading a labyrinth of tunnels hung with creepers, exploring caves, and rewarded at last as the highest summits are scaled, by magnificent long-range views of the surrounding thickly-wooded landscape.

These rocks extend right on through the forest of Fontainebleau, losing a little of their wild grandeur perhaps as one comes up against the sophistication of made paths and arranged vistas—but, nevertheless, full of sylvan beauty

A CORNER OF THE CHAPITRE, half farm half fortress, crowning the rocky ridge forming the southern rampart of the village

THE TWELFTH DRAWS NIGH

Clothes and Accessories for the Northward Trek

FOR FULL PROTECTION

Shoes themselves, no less than shoe comfort, are a vital factor of enjoyment on a long day's trek. The brogues above from N. Thierry Ltd., combine a proper substantiality with full claims to attractiveness

FOR THE MOORLAND

It is something of an achievement to have combined smartness and practicability with such obvious success for moorland wear as is the case with this tweed ensemble of grey-green which has a jumper of softest sage green wool and a tweed hat to crown the effect. From Harrods

FOR A DAY OF SPORT

There is no difficulty nowadays for the best-dressed man to get all he wants at a moments notice. Austin Reed supplies every item in the travelling kit seen above

FOR A RAINY DAY

Moorland showers will find one's composure unruffled if, like the young person above, one is effectively clad in one of the famous "Milwata" weatherproofs. This model is expressed in bottle green with deep revers and cuffs of beige colourings

SPORT of the WEEK

In the great days of old, Britain used to know how to win at Wimbledon. Ensued a period when it was said that, if we could not win, we at least knew how to lose; but we are fast approaching our nadir: to-day we cannot win, and, it would seem, we have lost the art of graceful losing.

This is not to be taken as a sweeping condemnation on all G.B. players; nor is it to be taken as an equally sweeping exaltation of all competitors from overseas. But "incidents" there have been, largely on the part of British players—and, which is awkward for the die-hard devotees of masculine superiority in sportsmanship, more frequent among the men than the women.

Our doubles finalists, when they were losing the first set to love, were not pleasant to behold. One admits it is irritating for a player who has schemed for an opening to see his partner miss an easy smash; one sympathizes with him, but one regrets to see black looks and invocations to the gods quite so frankly expressed. America's doubles finalists also provided an object-lesson in how *not* to behave; sullenness, though preferable to overt resentment, is not an integral part of the make-up of a great player. Representatives of the nations which send teams abroad should remember that they are unofficial ambassadors of their several countries. Poor sportsmen—and sportswomen—might concentrate on court demeanour as much as on shots. Austin (there are many others, notably the Japanese contingent) set the standard of perfect tennis manners.

Let it be noted, I omit Borotra as a model; he is unique. His sportsmanship is *plus royaliste que le roi*. But it is one thing for a licensed jester to jest with all the inimitable grace of the Gascon; understudies and emulators do not "get away with it." Borotra, knowing his partner's weakness in the overhead department of the game and seeing the opposition, quite legitimately, were concentrating their fire on "Toto," who began somewhat to wilt under the strain, encouraged him by smile and flashing glance and, one surmises, instructed him to cross at the third lob and leave it to the heavy artillery of the Basque guns—guns that fired the ball on the first bounce high into the stands, so sharply were the shots angled, so hard were they hit. For Perry to encourage Hughes in similar fashion is absurd, for the "chop" expert is by far the finer doubles player.

Many patriots were glad to see the French pair win.

Of Vines, about whom such a panegyric has gone up since his victories over Crawford and Austin, though unhinted in the earlier stages, there is this to be said: the Borotra of four or five years ago, the Cochet of the same period, the Tilden even of three years ago would, I think, have given him a tussle. I incline to the view that the Basque would have won. Cochet would certainly never have stood *on* the baseline for cannon-ball services, but a yard inside to take them before the angle widened. Austin was definitely out of touch, even in the first set. Of Vines's forehand, it suffices to say that it raised chalk oftener than not! But a high percentage went into the net. An intensive volleying campaign *might* have increased the percentage and unsettled him, especially when attempting to return a low-bounding ball.

One vignette of the match was illuminating. When the players came on to the court, both bowed to the Royal Box. Austin's obeisance was that of a courtier and a gentleman. Representatives of foreign nations might do well, when of Centre Court calibre, to practise paying deference to the Royalty that so often graces the A.E.L.T.C. with the same grace as that with which they execute a backhand smash. The broken shoe-lace incident, though very trying to "Bunny," was obviously not a time-gaining device and must have worried Vines just as much as his opponent.

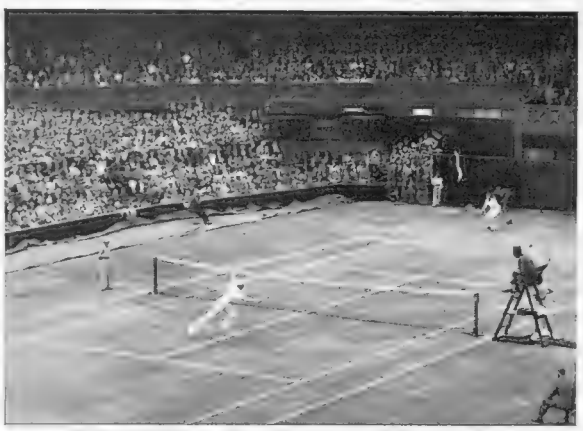
It was very gracious and in keeping with the high traditions of courtesy for which the club is famous that the flag was lowered when the death of ex-King Manoel, that staunch supporter of the game, became known.

G. H. W. R.

ROYAL INTEREST IN THE VINES-AUSTIN MATCH: The King, in the grey bowler he affects on sporting occasions, wore grey gloves and a red and black tie; the Queen was in cream. Their Majesties were present for the two final events in which Britain was represented, seeing both titles once again go overseas. The moment this picture was taken, it would seem from the Queen's expression of dismay that one of Vines's "cannon-balls" had scored yet another bull's-eye

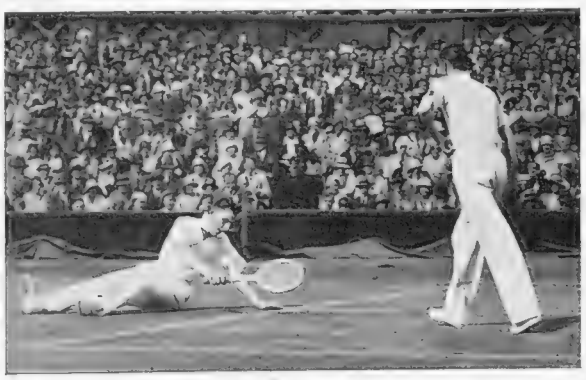
HOMAGE: The Centre Court rises to its feet to greet the arrival of the King and Queen and to pay its respects when they leave. The players also bow from the court. The break brings a welcome relief to weary eyes and cramped legs

LAST YEAR FINALISTS, THIS YEAR WINNERS: Mlle Metaxa (with bandeau) and Mlle Sigart in play against a badly-combining U.S. team—Helen II and Miss Ryan—whom they beat largely owing to the whole-hearted "sloshes" of the French girl



EXCURSION TO THE NET: Vines rarely came up, for he was winning comfortably from the baseline; but his occasional sallies, in response to a short drive, were devastating. His pace is as great in the air as from the ground

A MOI! Knowing Brugnon's weakness overhead, Borotra took as many lobs as he could, saving a tiring partner who was being subjected to an incessant bombardment of lobs and drives



DEFEAT WITH HONOUR: Perry falls in an attempt to reach one of Borotra's sharply-angled volleys. The Basque practically won the match off his own racquet

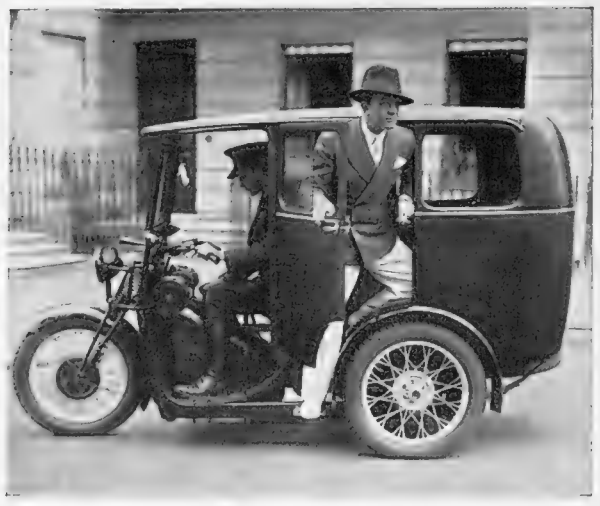
FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES: Miss Phyllis Harding training with Miss Daisy Row at the Finchley swimming pool. Miss Harding is representing Britain for the third time

A POPULAR WINNER: Lord Burghley, who won the 440 yard hurdles in the A.A.A. Championships last Saturday. The performances recorded are encouraging for Los Angeles

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere": Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)



THREEPENCE A MILE is the charge for a new three-wheeled taxi which has just appeared on London streets and is expected to become very popular. Mr. Bobbie Howes, the actor, is seen alighting from one of the new taxis after a trip

SWIMMING AND DANCING: Guests enjoying a cabaret, dancing, and midnight bathing at a novel party held recently in aid of the Surbiton Hospital and to inaugurate the Ace of Spades Club at the famous road-house on the Kingston by-pass

FOOLISH ROAD-USERS.—Noble Lords discuss what should be done to minimize road accidents, the House of Commons joins in every now and again, and the police authorities continue to prosecute motorists whose driving mirror has fallen off, or who leave their car outside a shop in a perfectly wide open street. Meanwhile the most foolish things are done on our roads by users and apparently no one appears to see any danger or risk in what is happening. I could fill a whole issue of THE SPHERE if I jotted down the various examples I come across in a week, but one or two occur so frequently that I can remember them without the assistance of pencil and paper and they are so obviously foolish that I feel I must relate them. First of all, why do the police authorities allow cars to park on both sides of the main street in Guildford? All motorists who have traversed this very picturesque thoroughfare will remember that it has a very steep gradient and one or two very important road junctions to add to its natural difficulties. With cars parked on each side and a motor coach coming either up or down, the opposing stream of traffic has to stop. In nine cases out of ten this matters little, but in these days of motoring for all an inexperienced driver may find himself or herself unable to restart on the up gradient, and damaged coachwork will at least be the result. I loathe restrictions and am the last person to suggest the birth of a new one unless it is for the good of the majority. I really do think that parking should be allowed only on one side of this particular street.

A DANGEROUS BUS TERMINUS.—No one can deny that the general driving of motor coaches and motor buses in the country has greatly improved during the last few years. I cannot remember even one occasion when I have been inconvenienced purposely or through bad driving on the part of one of their drivers. These remarks refer only to the vehicles in motion, but when they are stationary I am afraid they are often an unnecessary nuisance and frequently a danger. As I live close by, one instance comes immediately to mind. At the junction of the Leatherhead-Guildford road, where it meets the main street of the village of Bookham, a bus and sometimes two sit for quite lengthy periods empty outside the Hotel Victoria. I presume that stopping places such as this have to be approved of by some traffic authority and I, therefore, humbly suggest to the individual or individuals in question that a visit to this particular spot might be of interest. I cannot imagine a more unsatisfactory stopping place for a bus or any large vehicle than this particular spot. I would not complain so bitterly if the buses just pulled up to let passengers down, but as a terminus it is really the last word in foolishness.

The drivers of these country buses and motor coaches are evidently not given proper instructions, or if they are do not obey them, as regards the guiding principles which they should employ when deciding where to stop to let down or take up passengers. Many of them appear to be quite ignorant of the fact that a bend in a road is an unsuitable stopping place. Some do avoid such a dangerous practice, but forget that a humped back bridge or the top of a steep gradient is just as risky a spot to pull up at as a bend. Only the other day I nearly had a head-on collision near Midhurst on account of such an act by the driver of a motor coach. He pulled up and I tucked myself in behind

(Continued on p. 68

COOL CLIMBING: After being driven up to Inverness from London, a distance of 556 miles, at an average speed of 37½ m.p.h., the Hillman Minx seen above was tested on Tornapress Hill, probably the longest hill in Great Britain. It made light of the climb, and in spite of four miles in second and bottom gears, the engine was not boiling when the summit was reached

A Announcement to Holders of £5 PER CENT. WAR LOAN 1929—1947

THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY having given notice in the *London Gazette* of the 30th June, 1932, of their intention to redeem the £5 per Cent. War Loan, 1929–1947, at par on the 1st December, 1932, and having declared that Part III. of the Finance (No. 2) Act, 1931, shall come into operation, authorise THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND and THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF IRELAND to make the following Announcement.

Holders who so desire may have their holdings in the Loan continued after the 1st December, 1932, subject to all the existing terms, conditions and incidents of the Loan with the following modifications, as specified in the Notice in the *London Gazette*, which will take effect as from the 1st December, 1932:—

(*a*) The rate of interest will be reduced to £3 10s. per Cent. per annum.

(*b*) The Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury reserve to themselves the right, on giving three calendar months' notice of each operation, in the *London Gazette*, to redeem the Loan, at par, either by a single operation or by successive operations, on the 1st December, 1952, or at any time or times thereafter.

(*c*) The right to tender Stock and Bonds of the Loan to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in satisfaction of amounts due on account of Death Duties will lapse.

(*d*) The undertaking to set aside a sum monthly to form a fund for the purchase of Stock or Bonds of the Loan for the purpose of providing against depreciation will cease to have effect and the balance of the fund will cease to be applicable for the said purpose.

(*e*) The name of the Loan will be changed to £3 10s. per Cent. War Loan.

Dividends on inscribed and registered Stock of the Loan will continue to be paid without deduction of Income Tax, but the income derived from such dividends will be assessable to Income Tax in the hands of the recipients.

The exemptions from United Kingdom taxation which now attach to holdings of the Loan by persons neither domiciled nor ordinarily resident (or in the case of Income Tax, not ordinarily resident) in the United Kingdom will continue in force.

The principal and interest of the Loan are and will remain a charge on the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom.

At any time up to and including the 30th September, 1932, holders may notify the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland, respectively, in the prescribed manner of their desire to continue their holdings in the Loan. **Those who give due notification on or before the 31st July, 1932,* will receive a Cash Bonus at the rate of £1 per £100 nominal** of the amount of their holdings. Those who give notification after the 31st July* will not receive this Cash Bonus.

Holders who wish to have their holdings redeemed in cash on the 1st December, 1932, must notify the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland respectively, in the prescribed manner; **not later than the 30th September, 1932.**

* Reasonable extension of time will be allowed in any case where it is shown to the satisfaction of the Bank that the delay in giving due notification was due solely to the permanent or temporary absence from the United Kingdom (or the Irish Free State as the case may be) of the holder or, in the case of a joint account, of one or more of the necessary signatories.

Holders who have not notified in the prescribed manner, on or before the 30th September, 1932, their desire to have their holdings either continued in the Loan or redeemed in cash, will, in accordance with the provisions of the Finance (No. 2) Act, 1931, be deemed to have accepted the offer to continue their holdings in the Loan, subject to the conditions set out above. No cash bonus will be payable in respect of such holdings.

In the case of inscribed and registered holdings of the £5 per Cent. War Loan, 1929–1947, which are to be redeemed, the Books of the Loan will be closed on the evening of the 30th September, 1932, and such holdings will cease to be transferable at the close of business on that date.

Commission at the under-mentioned rates will be paid to Bankers, Stockbrokers, and Solicitors or Scottish Law Agents on continued holdings if the Forms of Request for Continuance lodged with the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland bear their stamp:—

If notified not later than the 31st July, 1932 5s. per £100 nominal.

If notified after the 31st July, 1932, but not later than the 30th September, 1932 2s. 6d. per £100 nominal.

INSCRIBED AND REGISTERED STOCK.—An explanatory Note containing directions and the relevant forms are being sent to all Stockholders whose holdings are inscribed or registered in the Books of the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland at the date of this Announcement. (In the case of Joint Accounts the forms are being sent only to the holder whose name stands first in the account.)

BEARER BONDS.—No notice can be sent by post to holders of Bearer Bonds. If they desire to continue their holdings in the Loan and to obtain the Cash Bonus, or to apply for redemption, their Bonds, together with all unmatured coupons, must be lodged at the Bank of England Loans Office, 5 and 6, Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3, before the appropriate dates. The relevant form will then be supplied for completion, or it may be obtained on application at any Bank in the United Kingdom or the Irish Free State.

Copies of this Announcement; of the Explanatory Note issued to Stockholders by the Bank of England; and of the relevant forms, may be obtained from the Bank of England, Head Office and Branches; from the Government Brokers; and from any Banking Office and Stock Exchange in Great Britain. Copies of this Announcement and of the documents relating to holdings in the books of the Bank of Ireland, in Dublin or Belfast respectively, may be obtained from the Head Office and Branches of the Bank of Ireland, and from any Banking Office and Stock Exchange in the Irish Free State or Northern Ireland as the case may be.

N.B.—Stock registered in the Books of the General Post Office will be continued or redeemed at the Post Office under the arrangements set forth in the separate Announcement issued by H.M. Postmaster-General, and not at the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland. Copies of the Announcement and the forms for use in connection with such stock can be obtained at any Post Office in the United Kingdom.

BANK OF ENGLAND,
30th June, 1932.

A SAFE BET AT ALL TIMES

and for every mood is the soft, genial flavour of **HAIG—**

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

him and waited many minutes for him to go on, but nothing happened, so on further investigation I found that the conductor was chatting to the driver. I blew my hooter, he beckoned me on, and though I don't usually take any notice of unofficial signals I saw myself sitting there for quite a considerable period unless I took the risk involved in passing. As he was perched very much higher than I was I thought he would command an uninterrupted view, so out I pulled. Another car suddenly shot over the brow of the hill, and only that he pulled up in time there would have been a first-class smash, and I suppose if police officers had come along I would have been looked upon as the guilty party and not the bus driver.

In London, motorists are still cursed with that long-standing evil, the crawling taxicab. Surely it is time that this kind of plying for hire should cease. I find it is more noticeable between 11 p.m. and midnight than at any other period in the twenty-four hours. It may be argued that such matters do not constitute a danger in themselves which, of course, is perfectly true, but they help to create a position which may, and very often does, produce an accident.

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from preceding page)

SQUEAK-HUNTING.—Last week when I was writing about the car I am now driving every day of my life I forgot to mention that it has given me a new hobby, and that is chasing squeaks. It is now five years since I last owned what I call a light car, and so I am not able to remember if I possessed the same hobby at that time. It may be that all light cars are prone to produce funny noises. Those on my present mount are, I know, not serious, but the whole engine and transmission system is so dead quiet that these creaks worry me. Sometimes I spend two or three days tracking one down and then it is instantly killed by a few squirts from the new Castrol squirt, which contains the new Castrol penetrating oil. No sooner has a spring been quietened in this manner than another breaks out just as if there was a conspiracy to annoy me. I have certain noises which only occur when I go over a bump and the car is coasting at over 40 m.p.h. Others only make themselves heard at night time! One thing I will say, that they never become monotonous and they never sound as if they were the harbingers of trouble.

As a matter of fact, the battle I am waging is rather like that which is always carried on by the enthusiastic gardener who never ceases pulling out weeds, and as soon as one is extracted another grows up behind him. I *will* say that unless I had a sufficient supply of the new Castrol Penetrating Oil I should be far more worried than I actually am. Still it seems to me that all these squeaks and rattles are quite unnecessary, and that they should never be allowed to manifest themselves. I imagine I am a very ordinary motorist, and as such I would be perfectly willing to pay an extra £5 on the price of my car in order to be certain that everything would be as quiet as the power unit and transmission. A little piece of rubber wrapped round an oil pipe will often prevent a rattle. There are means to prevent the body squeaking on the frame, and I also believe that springs and their shackles can also be built so they are quiet to the end of their days.

R.A.C. NEWS.—The number of vehicles handled by the R.A.C. in the various car parks at the Aldershot Tattoo this year again constituted a record. In 1931 the total of all vehicles actually parked by the R.A.C. in the official parks was 42,200; this year the number has increased to the astounding figure of 51,302. The heaviest night was, as usual, the final performance (on Saturday, June 18), when 12,272 vehicles were dealt with, an increase of nearly a thousand in comparison with the corresponding evening last year.

No figures are available of the number of vehicles parked by any one organization in foreign countries, but it is almost certain that the figures for the Tattoo constitute a world's record for the number of cars, etc., dealt with at any one function.

BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE: A charming study of Miss Betty Stockfeld, the film star, who entered her Bentley in the Concours d'Elégance that formed such an attractive feature in the "Guy's Gala" at Brooklands

VICTOR AND RUNNER-UP: Mrs. C. G. Scudamore, who, placed second in the Women's Automobile Sports Association Handicap, congratulates the Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd on her victory—a vignette of the "Guy's Gala" at Brooklands

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WIMBLEDON, THE PERENNIAL MIRACLE

(Continued from p. 53)

I am not quoting Captain Wakelam now, but it is safe to say that certain players have a curious attraction about them which is not entirely due to their popularity. People crowded to see Big Bill Tilden in case he got into a tantrum or in case he got beaten. There are two English players whom I always follow for the same reason. By contrast, Borotra is the most popular lawn-tennis player alive. He and his béret are applauded with equal fervour in France, England, or the United States. Everywhere he goes he is the idol, and even the inhabitants of other countries hope that he will win. Every year, incidentally, he grows more charming and—more English. Not all the Frenchmen are as popular as he—and, again, the tennis fans will know whom I mean.

Eileen Bennett will always be followed because she looks so much more exotic than the average player. Betty Nuthall has always been popular both because she is so good-tempered and because her trail of defeats after her early promise has only been equalled by Bombardier Billy Wells in the prize ring, and nobody was more popular than he. Helen Wills's cucumber coolness and unmatched play will always draw the crowd. Nobody would dare go home after Wimbledon without being able to say that they had seen her play. She has not been beaten since 1926. That was at Cannes, when Lenglen defeated her at their only encounter.

I shall never forget it. There was a sycamore tree in the run-back and it was filled with Frenchmen who were shaken off like ripe plums by the gendarmes, all except one man who sat at the very top waving a copy of the *Figaro*. Four men were arrested that day. Two points were given to Lenglen that were really out. Nobody knew much about Helen Wills then. She was all by herself that evening and we danced together at the Carlton Hotel. She was more reserved than ever in those days. Since her marriage she has become much more human, and the time may come when she will be as popular as Lenglen, though one can expect never to have the scenes that the latter caused. Two years ago, incidentally, she told me that she had never seen the Wimbledon Singles Cup which she has won so often. Later, when I asked Major Larcombe where

CONTINUATION

the Singles Cup was, he said that he could not for the life of him remember. He rather thought that it was in the safe deposit of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, from which it is annually removed in order to have the name of the current champion inscribed on it.

The winner of the Men's Singles is consoled, however, with the Renshaw Cup presented annually by the members of the former champion's family. He also receives a gold medal. Miss Helen Wills—unless I must start calling her Mrs. Moody — is entitled to receive each time a first prize, value ten pounds, and a bracelet worth five guineas. What she always has done, however, is to put the value of the two together and buy a painting. According to the rules, the winner may not receive cash, cheques, money orders, consumable goods, or wearing apparel. But the prize money can be spent in any other way.

Prize money brings one to the question of amateurs and professionals in lawn-tennis, but it is a subject which, according to Major Larcombe, can be very easily dismissed. With the exception of Maskell, who is the professional champion of England, the professionals are nothing like as good as the amateurs. And as for the amateurs, far too close a watch is kept for any of them to be able to make anything out of lawn-tennis except by writing articles. Their link up with sports goods outfitters has been completely and finally snapped.

Though Wimbledon is now over, the work continues just like the making of poppies after Poppy Day. True, Major Larcombe is saved the disturbances of telephone calls—like that of the woman who called up last week to ask him to stop her daughter eating sandwiches in the queue because she thought the ham was possibly bad! But there is all the immense task of straightening out the accounts. Then, before the autumn is out, the season tickets for next year's championship have to be allotted to members of the All-England Club and to the debenture holders. Next comes the world-wide circulation of previous applicants for season tickets, followed by the ballot, which is conducted with discs and canvas bags like the ones used in banks. The odds against your being lucky are four to one. Then comes the allocation, and before you know where you are the championships have begun again.

I asked the gatekeeper which he preferred—the rush of the big fortnight or the rest of the year?

"I dunno," was the reply. "For the rest of the year I go up and down on my daily toil with three men under me. During the championships I sit here and get nothing but abuse. People ask a hundred and one questions, thay talk all at the same time, and if I don't answer them simultaneous-like, they get angry and probably report me. Sometimes coloured people and other foreigners come along, not knowing a word of English. But I have been seven times round the world and can make myself understood in any language. You know the way foreigners talk with their hands? Well, I do the same. Sometimes they give me bits of paper with writing on them. Of course if they are Japanese or Chinese I am beat. But I usually find some way round."

There he sits in his box when he is not busy on the job all the year round, an ex-chief stoker with a face like oak, bright blue eyes, and a string of medals across his chest. It must be a strange life after his years at sea. But at least he can add the sequel to the lines from Kipling's "If" which are painted on the entrance to the Centre Court:

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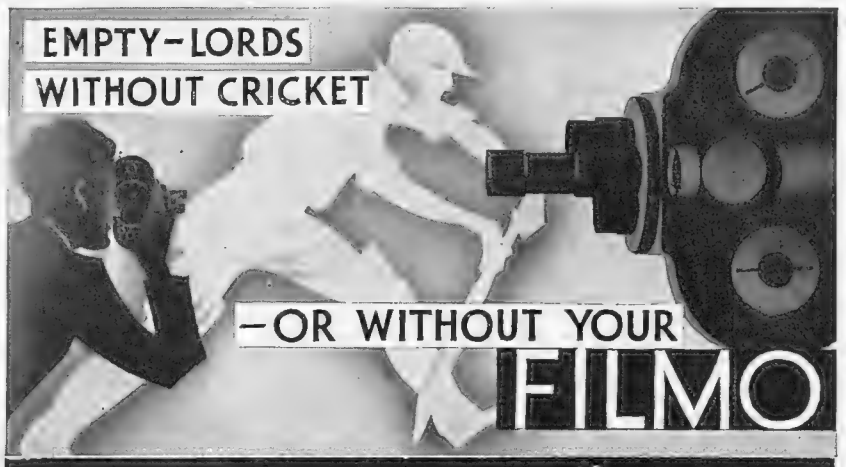

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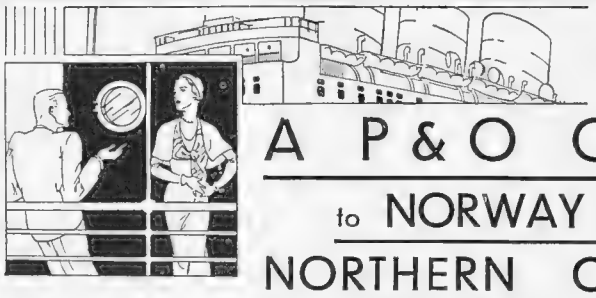

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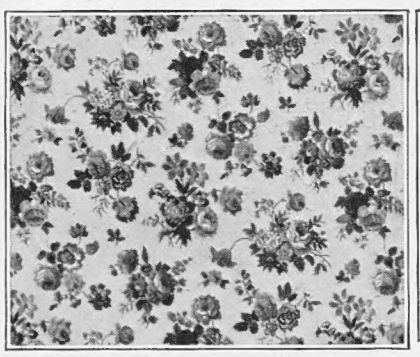

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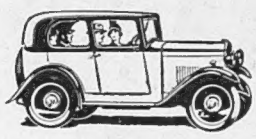

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Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Blackpool	Empire Private Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Boroughbridge	Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Tower Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do.	Haddon Hall Private Hotel
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Do.	Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Dingle (Co. Kerry)	Benner's Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Barnton Hotel, Cramond Bridge
Do.	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fort William	Imperial Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Goathland	The Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandrindod Wells	Ye Wells Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C. 2
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W. 2
Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C. 2
Do.	Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W. 1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W. 1
Do.	Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W. 1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do.	Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W. 1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C. 3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C. 1
Looe	Fieldhead Hotel
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea	Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Nairn	Royal Marine Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	Headland Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oughterard (Co. Galway)	Corrib Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Plymouth Hoe	Hoe Mansion Hotel
Portheawl	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Cork)	Rostrevor Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Scarborough	The Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaford	Battle Creek Hotel
Seaton	The Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Do.	Westcliff Hall Hotel
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stonehaven	Royal Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Swanage	Craigside Hotel
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Dunmore Hotel, Shaldon
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Hennapyn Private Hotel
Do.	Links Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House Hotel
Woking	Heathside Hotel
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

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Sir Edward —the Enthusiastic.

"Ah! I begin to see daylight."

Lord Bob: "It's very good of you to explain, but I'm afraid I'm rather dense; even now I don't understand the point."

Sir Edward: "Hang it all, man, it's as plain as a pikestaff. The 'Tote' returned Arctic Star at 80/1."

Lord Bob: "That's indisputable."

Sir Edward: "But suppose you were racing that day and invested a tenner on it, then what price do you think you would have been paid?"

Lord Bob: "80/1, I presume."

Sir Edward: "Nonsense; another tenner on Arctic Star on the 'Tote' would have reduced the odds by over 50%; there was only a few pounds on it."

Lord Bob: "Ah! I begin to see daylight. You mean that the more money there is on a winner the shorter the odds."

Sir Edward: "Exactly; but if you had wired the tenner to Duggie you wouldn't have altered the odds and would have been paid £800, and a further £40, representing 5%."

Lord Bob: "Why on earth should Duggie do all that?"

Sir Edward: "Because he accepts 'Tote' commissions at full 'Tote' prices plus 5%, and as he doesn't send the money back to the Machine you get longer odds."

Lord Bob: "Good Lord, man, what an eye opener. It shows how very much better it is to do it with Duggie *every* time."

Sir Edward: "Precisely; that's what makes me *so enthusiastic.*"

Follow Sir Edward's advice— Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON

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